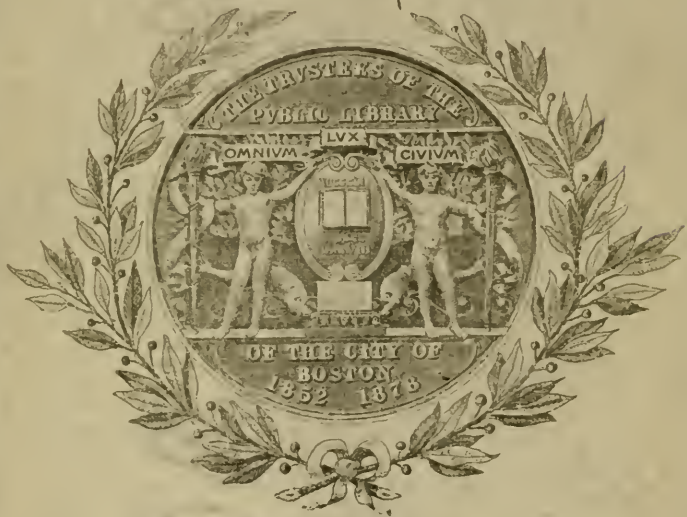
TREASURE TROVE SERIES

EDITED BY R. H. STODDARD

BURLESQUE



THE

TREASURE-TROVE SERIES.

EDITED BY R. H. STODDARD.

COMPILED BY W. S. WALSH.

BURLESQUE.

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PREFACE.

If the principle which should guide the editor of the Treasure-Trove Series has been followed, as I think it has, the result will be a series of readable little volumes, which one may take up at odd intervals with the certainty of finding some things, I would fain hope many things, in which he cannot fail to be interested. He should look, in the first place, for amusement; in the second place, for variety: if he finds these qualities here, he has something to be thankful for. He has to be thankful, at any rate, for the labor which the compiler has expended for him,—labor which is not to be measured by what is accepted so much as by what is rejected, the reading of many books to no end. If the best books are those which are not written, as a cynical critic would have us believe, the worst books are certainly in the same category, "a happy thought," as a great living philosopher would have us believe, which is not without its compensations. Not to dwell, however, upon these literary possibilities, which we can well spare, so numberless are the books on all sorts of subjects which every day brings forth, let us turn for a moment to the papers which follow. We have first, from the pen of England's greatest humorist, a serio-comic protest against an individual with whom we in America are tolerably familiar. I refer to that rampant and irrepressible myth "the noble savage." He made his earliest appearance in English poetry, I believe, in Dryden's "Conquest of Grenada," the first part of which (they had leisure for continuations then) was written in the

autumn of 1669. Here are the lines in which his unfragrant nobility is embalmed : —

> " I am as free as Nature first made man,
> Ere the base laws of servitude began,
> When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

I have forgotten, if I ever knew, in whose mouth this heroic triplet is placed ; nor does it matter—enough that it is absurd.

Sixty years passed, and this elderly aborigine (when, indeed, was he not elderly, this swarthy autochthon, whose origin is lost in the night of time ?), — sixty years passed, I say, or, to speak more exactly, in the seventh lustrum of the eighteenth century (1732), and he re-appeared in English verse, no longer running wild in primeval woods, but trained into a respectable member of frontier society, ignorant, no doubt, but seriously inclined — when sober. He was the discovery of a poet named Pope, an ingenious young Papist, who, dabbling in ethics which he did not understand, must needs write an " Essay on Man." Hear the little man of Queen Anne's time : —

> " Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind
> Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
> His soul proud science never taught to stray
> Far as the solar walk or milky-way ;
> Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
> Beyond the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven ;
> Some safer world in depths of woods embraced,
> Some happier island in the watery waste,
> Where slaves once more their native land behold,
> No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
> To be contents his natural desire ;
> He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire,
> But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
> His faithful dog shall bear him company."

Against Pope's poetic misrepresentation of the aboriginal nature, and the no less poetic misrepresentations of Fenimore Cooper, the genius of Dickens has entered its protest, — a pro-

test which needs no justification in our eyes, which, for the last two hundred years, have seen enough of the noble savage. The noble savage, quotha! The only writer who has expressed the average American opinion in regard to this brutal myth is a Western poet, who has summed the matter up in a nutshell, i.e., —

> "The only good Injuns's
> Them that's dead."

To trace the connection between humor and wit, of which we have several specimens in the present volume, would be an interesting study, if I had the space to pursue it; but, as I have not, I must content myself by saying that the humor of a people precedes its wit (when it has any), being the first, as it is frequently the last, growth of its genius. We have humor in abundance, — even our English cousins allow that; but of wit in its highest sense, we have little or none. We have the wildest humor, we have the most uproarious fun, we have nonsense so alive, that it might create a soul under the ribs of death; but we have no wit, no sarcasm, no satire, that is worthy of the name. We have our Dickenses; but we have no Thackeray. Our best, indeed our only satirist, is Mr. George William Curtis, whose "Potiphar Papers" are all that we have to show in this delightful walk of letters. Twenty years have passed since they first saw the light; but they are as fresh and as lifelike as if they were written yesterday. Nothing that they satirized has passed away, albeit a new *régime*, so to speak, has gained a foothold among us, — the *régime* of Shoddy and Petroleum. Mr. Curtis's satire is sharper than one might at first think. It is not bitter, or savage, as why should it be, considering the smallness of the game it pursues (we do not break butterflies on the wheel); but it is sly and laughable, and as just as if it were ten times as grave as it is. The state of society which awakened it, only obtains, perhaps, in a new country. Let us hope so, at all events; for it is not pleasant to have to confess that we are as great snobs as our friends over the

water, and that we have yet to learn the difference between genuine manhood and bogus refinement.

As a set-off to all this, to Mrs. Potiphar, and young Gauche Boosy, and the Rev. Cream Cheese, *alter ego* of the heavenly-minded Charles Honeyman, let us turn to another page of the history of the Island of Manahatta, — an earlier and homelier page, written by that most veracious of all chroniclers, good old Diederich Knickerbocker. It is refreshing, is it not? to notice the difference between the hearty ways of that sturdy old Dutch race and the thin social veneering of their degenerate descendants.

> "Hail, ancient mariners, sure defence,
> Where they survive, of wholesome laws."

But we must be just, even when the follies of society are in question, or we shall not enjoy, as we should, Mrs. Sarah Battle's opinions on cards and whist,—opinions which that dear old lady has promulgated any time within the last fifty years, and to which her happy shade is indissolubly wedded.

If we are readers of newspapers,—as who is not now-a-days?—Hood's "Parish Revolution" will recall many a tempest in a teapot, by which we are excited over our morning rolls. It may be the last French revolution, of which it is a memory; or it may be the next French Revolution of which it is a prophecy,—we have it here, with all its humorsome terrors, an imperishable leaf of the perishable day, the immortality of noisy nothings. Truly revolutionary man knows not what he wants, and will never be content until he has it.

These and other papers here collected, I commend to the lovers of light reading. They may remember some of them, but most, I fancy, will be new, or as good as new, to them: for no matter how many times a thing has been read, provided it is really forgotten, the last reading is as good as the first, and in that sense, at least, it is certainly TREASURE-TROVE.

R. H. STODDARD.

NOTE. — Acknowledgments are especially due to G. W. Curtis, Esq., Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, and the heirs of Washington Irving, for courtesies extended in the preparation of this volume.

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THE NOBLE SAVAGE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

TO come to the point at once, I beg to say that I have not the least belief in the noble savage. I consider him a prodigious nuisance, and an enormous superstition. His calling rum fire-water, and me a pale-face, wholly fail to reconcile me to him. I don't care what he calls me. I call him a savage; and I call a savage a something highly desirable to be civilized off the face of the earth. I think a mere gent (which I take to be the lowest form of civilization) better than a howling, whistling, clucking, stamping, jumping, tearing savage. It is all one to me, whether he sticks a fish-bone through his visage, or bits of trees through the lobes of his ears, or birds' feathers in his head, whether he flattens his hair between two boards, or spreads his nose

over the breadth of his face, or drags his lower lip down by great weights, or blackens his teeth, or knocks them out, or paints one cheek red, and the other blue, or tattooes himself, or oils himself, or rubs his body with fat, or crimps it with knives. Yielding to whichsoever of these agreeable eccentricities, he is a savage, cruel, false, thievish, murderous; addicted more or less to grease, entrails, and beastly customs; a wild animal with the questionable gift of boasting; a conceited, tiresome, bloodthirsty, monotonous humbug.

Yet it is extraordinary to observe how some people will talk about him as they talk about the good old times; how they will regret his disappearance, in the course of this world's development, from such and such lands, where his absence is a blessed relief, and an indispensable preparation for the sowing of the very first seeds of any influence that can exalt humanity; how, even with the evidence of himself before them, they will either be determined to believe, or will suffer themselves to be persuaded into believing, that he is something which their five senses tell them he is not.

There was Mr. Catlin, some few years ago, with his Ojibbeway Indians. Mr. Catlin was an ener-

getic, earnest man, who had lived among more tribes of Indians than I need reckon up here, and who had written a picturesque and glowing book about them. With his party of Indians squatting and spitting on the table before him, or dancing their miserable jigs after their own dreary manner, he called, in all good faith, upon his civilized audience to take notice of their symmetry and grace, their perfect limbs, and the exquisite expression of their pantomime; and his civilized audience, in all good faith, complied and admired. Whereas, as mere animals, they were wretched creatures, very low in the scale, and very poorly formed; and, as men and women possessing any power of truthful dramatic expression by means of action, they were no better than the chorus at an Italian opera in England, and would have been worse if such a thing were possible.

Mine are no new views of the noble savage. The greatest writers on natural history found him out long ago. Buffon knew what he was, and showed him why he is the sulky tyrant that he is to his women, and how it happens (Heâven be praised!) that his race is spare in numbers. For evidence of the quality of his moral nature, pass himself for a

moment, and refer to his "faithful dog." Has he ever improved a dog, or attached a dog, since his nobility first ran wild in woods, and was brought down (at a very long shot) by Pope? Or does the animal that is the friend of man always degenerate in his low society?

It is not the miserable nature of the noble savage that is the new thing: it is the whimpering over him with maudlin admiration, and the affecting to regret him, and the drawing of any comparison of advantage between the blemishes of civilization and the tenor of his swinish life. There may have been a change now and then in those diseased absurdities; but there is none in him.

Think of the Bushmen. Think of the two men and the two women who have been exhibited about England for some years. Are the majority of persons — who remember the horrid little leader of that party in his festering bundle of hides, with his filth, and his antipathy to water, and his straddled legs, and his odious eyes shaded by his brutal hand, and his cry of "Qu-u-u-u-aaa!" (Bosjesman for something desperately insulting, I have no doubt) — conscious of an affectionate yearning towards that noble savage? or is it idiosyncratic in me to abhor, detest,

abominate, and abjure him? I have no reserve on this subject, and will frankly state, that, setting aside that stage of the entertainment when he counterfeited the death of some creature he had shot, by laying his head on his hand, and shaking his left leg (at which time I think it would have been justifiable homicide to slay him), I have never seen that group sleeping, smoking, and expectorating round their brazier, but I have sincerely desired that something might happen to the charcoal smouldering therein, which would cause the immediate suffocation of the whole of the noble strangers.

There is at present a party of Zulu Caffres exhibiting at St. George's Gallery, Hyde Park Corner, London. These noble savages are represented in a most agreeable manner: they are seen in an elegant theatre fitted with appropriate scenery of great beauty; and they are described in a very sensible and unpretending lecture, delivered with a modesty which is quite a pattern to all similar exponents. Though extremely ugly, they are much better shaped than such of their predecessors as I have referred to; and they are rather picturesque to the eye, though far from odoriferous to the nose. What a visitor left to his own interpretings and imaginings

might suppose these noblemen to be about, when they gave vent to that pantomimic expression which is quite settled to be the natural gift of the noble savage, I cannot possibly conceive ; for it is so much too luminous for my personal civilization, that it conveys no idea to my mind, beyond a general stamping, ramping, and raving, remarkable (as every thing in savage life is) for its dire uniformity. But let us, with the interpreter's assistance, of which I for one stand so much in need, see what the noble savage does in Zulu Caffre land.

The noble savage sets a king to reign over him, to whom he submits his life and limbs without a murmur or question, and whose whole life is passed chin-deep in a lake of blood, but who, after killing incessantly, is in his turn killed by his relations and friends, the moment a gray hair appears on his head. All the noble savage's wars with his fellow-savages (and he takes no pleasure in any thing else) are wars of extermination ; which is the best thing I know of him, and the most comfortable to my mind when I look at him. He has no moral feelings of any kind, sort, or description ; and his "mission" may be summed up as simply diabolical.

The ceremonies with which he faintly diversifies

his life, are, of course, of a kindred nature. If he wants a wife, he appears before the kennel of the gentleman whom he has selected for his father-in-law, attended by a party of male friends of a very strong flavor, who screech and whistle and stamp an offer of so many cows for the young lady's hand. The chosen father-in-law — also supported by a high-flavored party of male friends — screeches, whistles, and yells (being seated on the ground, he can't stamp) that there never was such a daughter in the market as his daughter, and that he must have six more cows. The son-in-law and his select circle of backers, screech, whistle, stamp, and yell in reply, that they will give three more cows. The father-in-law (an old deluder, overpaid at the beginning) accepts four, and rises to bind the bargain. The whole party, the young lady included, then falling into epileptic convulsions, and screeching, whistling, stamping, and yelling together, and nobody taking any notice of the young lady (whose charms are not to be thought of without a shudder), the noble savage is considered married ; and his friends make demoniacal leaps at him by way of congratulation.

When the noble savage finds himself a little un-

well, and mentions the circumstance to his friends, it is immediately perceived that he is under the influence of witchcraft. A learned personage, called an Imyanger or witch doctor, is immediately sent for to nooker the Umtargartie, or smell out the witch. The male inhabitants of the kraal being seated on the ground, the learned doctor, got up like a grizzly bear, appears, and administers a dance of a most terrific nature, during the exhibition of which remedy he incessantly gnashes his teeth, and howls, "I am the original physician to nooker the Umtargartie. Yow yow yow! No connection with any other establishment. Till till till! All other Umtargarties are feigned Umtargarties, Boroo Boroo! but I perceive here a genuine and real Umtargartie, Hoosh Hoosh Hoosh! in whose blood I, the original Imyanger and Nookerer, Blizzerum Boo! will wash these bear's claws of mine. O yow yow yow!" All this time the learned physician is looking out among the attentive faces for some unfortunate man who owes him a cow, or who has given him any small offence, or against whom, without offence, he has conceived a spite. Him he never fails to nooker as the Umtargartie, and he is instantly killed. In the absence

of such an individual, the usual practice is to nooker the quietest and most gentlemanly person in company. But the nookering is invariably followed on the spot by the butchering.

Some of the noble savages in whom Mr. Catlin was so strongly interested, and the diminution of whose numbers, by rum and small-pox, greatly affected him, had a custom not unlike this, though much more appalling and disgusting in its odious details.

The women being at work in the fields, hoeing the Indian corn, and the noble savage being asleep in the shade, the chief has sometimes the condescension to come forth, and lighten the labor by looking at it. On these occasions, he seats himself in his own savage chair, and is attended by his shield-bearer, who holds over his head a shield of cowhide — in shape like an immense mussel-shell — fearfully and wonderfully, after the manner of a theatrical supernumerary. But, lest the great man should forget his greatness in the contemplation of the humble works of agriculture, there suddenly rushes in a poet, retained for the purpose, called a praiser. This literary gentleman wears a leopard's head over his own, and a dress of tigers' tails: he

has the appearance of having come express on his hind-legs from the Zoölogical Gardens; and he incontinently strikes up the chief's praises, plunging and tearing all the while. There is a frantic wickedness in this brute's manner of worrying the air, and gnashing out, "Oh, what a delightful chief he is! Oh, what a delicious quantity of blood he sheds! Oh, how majestically he laps it up! Oh, how charmingly cruel he is! Oh, how he tears the flesh of his enemies, and crunches the bones! Oh, how like the tiger and the leopard and the wolf and the bear he is! Oh, row row row row, how fond I am of him!" — which might tempt the Society of Friends to charge at a hand-gallop into the Swartz-Kop location, and exterminate the whole kraal.

When war is afoot among the noble savages, — which is always, — the chief holds a council to ascertain whether it is the opinion of his brothers and friends in general that the enemy shall be extermi nated. On this occasion, after the performance of an Umsebeuza, or war-song, which is exactly like all the other songs, the chief makes a speech to his brothers and friends arranged in single file. No particular order is observed during the delivery of this address; but every gentleman who finds himself excited by the subject, instead of crying, "Hear, hear!" as is the

custom with us, darts from the rank, and tramples out the life, or crushes the skull, or mashes the face, or scoops out the eyes, or breaks the limbs, or performs a whirlwind of atrocities on the body, of an imaginary enemy. Several gentlemen becoming thus excited at once, and pounding away without the least regard to the orator, that illustrious person is rather in the position of an orator in an Irish House of Commons. But several of these scenes of savage life bear a strong generic resemblance to an Irish election, and I think would be extremely well received and understood at Cork.

In all these ceremonies, the noble savage holds forth to the utmost possible extent about himself; from which (to turn him to some civilized account) we may learn, I think, that as egotism is one of the most offensive and contemptible littlenesses a civilized man can exhibit, so it is really incompatible with the interchange of ideas; inasmuch as, if we all talked about ourselves, we should soon have no listeners, and must be all yelling and screeching at once on our own separate accounts, making society hideous. It is my opinion, that, if we retained in us any thing of the noble savage, we could not get rid of it too soon. But the fact is clearly otherwise. Upon the wife and dowry question, substituting coin for cows, we have assuredly nothing of the Zulu Caffre left. The endur-

ance of despotism is one great distinguishing mark of the savage always. The improving world has quite got the better of that too. In like manner, Paris is a civilized city, and the Thèâtre Français a highly-civilized theatre; and we shall never hear, and never have heard in these later days (of course), of the praiser *there*. No, no, civilized poets have better work to do. As to nookering Umtargarties, there are no pretended Umtargarties in Europe, and no European powers to nooker them: that would be mere spydom, subornation, small malice, superstition, and false pretence. And, as to private Umtargarties, are we not in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three, with spirits rapping at our doors?

To conclude as I began. My position is, that, if we have any thing to learn from the noble savage, it is what to avoid. His virtues are a fable; his happiness is a delusion; his nobility, nonsense. We have no greater justification for being cruel to the miserable object than for being cruel to a WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, or an ISAAC NEWTON; but he passes away before an immeasurably better and higher power than ever ran wild in any earthly woods, and the world will be all the better when his place knows him no more.

OUR NEW LIVERY, AND OTHER THINGS.

A Letter from Mrs. Potiphar to Miss Caroline Pettitoes.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

NEW YORK, April.

MY DEAR CAROLINE, — Lent came so frightfully early this year, that I was very much afraid my new bonnet, *à l'Impératrice*, would not be out from Paris soon enough. But, fortunately, it arrived just in time; and I had the satisfaction of taking down the pride of Mrs. Crœsus, who fancied hers would be the only stylish hat in church the first Sunday. She could not keep her eyes away from me; and I sat so unmoved, and so calmly looking at the doctor, that she was quite vexed. But, whenever she turned away, I ran my eyes over the whole congregation, and would you believe, that, almost without an exception, people

had their old things? However, I suppose they forgot how soon Lent was coming. As I was passing out of church, Mrs. Crœsus brushed by me.

"Ah!" said she, "good-morning. Why, bless me! you've got that pretty hat I saw at Lawson's. Well, now, it's really quite pretty: Lawson has some taste left yet. What a lovely sermon the doctor gave us! By the by, did you know that Mrs. Gnu has actually bought the blue velvet? It's too bad; because I wanted to cover my prayer-book with blue, and she sits so near, the effect of my book will be quite spoiled. Dear me! there she is beckoning to me. Good-by: do come and see us. Tuesdays, you know. Well, Lawson really does very well."

I was so mad with the old thing, that I could not help catching her by her mantle, and holding on, while I whispered, loud enough for everybody to hear, —

"Mrs. Crœsus, you see I have just got my bonnet from Paris. It's made after the empress's. If you would like to have yours made over in the fashion, dear Mrs. Crœsus, I shall be so glad to lend you mine!"

"No, thank you, dear!" said she. "Lawson won't do for me. By-by."

And so she slipped out, and, I've no doubt, told Mrs. Gnu that she had seen my bonnet at Lawson's. Isn't it too bad? Then she is so abominably cool! Somehow, when I'm talking with Mrs. Crœsus, who has all her own things made at home, I don't feel as if mine came from Paris at all. She has such a way of looking at you, that it's quite dreadful. She seems to be saying in her mind, "La, now, well done, little dear." And I think that kind of mental reservation (I think that's what they call it) is an insupportable impertinence. However, I don't care, do you?

I've so many things to tell you, that I hardly know where to begin. The great thing is the livery; but I want to come regularly up to that, and forget nothing by the way. I was uncertain for a long time how to have my prayer-book bound. Finally, after thinking about it a great deal, I concluded to have it done in pale blue velvet, with gold clasps, and a gold cross upon the side. To be sure, it's nothing very new. But what *is* new now-a-days? Sally Shrimp has had hers done in emerald; and I know Mrs. Crœsus will have crimson for hers; and those people who sit next us in church (I wonder who they are: it's very unpleasant to sit next to peo-

ple you don't know; and, positively, that girl, the dark-haired one with large eyes, carries the same muff she did last year: it's big enough for a family) have a kind of brown morocco binding. I must tell you one reason why I fixed upon the pale blue. You know that aristocratic-looking young man, in white cravat and black pantaloons and waistcoat, whom we saw at Saratoga a year ago, and who always had such a beautiful sanctimonious look, and such small white hands. Well, he is a minister, as we supposed, — "an unworthy candidate, an unprofitable husbandman," as he calls himself in that delicious voice of his. He has been quite taken up among us. He has been asked a good deal to dinner, and there was hope of his being settled as colleague to the doctor, only Mr. Potiphar (who can be stubborn, you know) insisted that the Rev. Cream Cheese, though a very good young man, he didn't doubt, was addicted to candlesticks. I suppose that's something awful. But could you believe any thing awful of him? I asked Mr. Potiphar what he meant by saying such things.

"I mean," said he, "that he's a Puseyite; and I've no idea of being tied to the apron-strings of the Scarlet Woman."

Dear Caroline, who *is* the Scarlet Woman? Dearest, tell me, upon your honor, if you have ever heard any scandal of Mr. Potiphar.

"What is it about candlesticks?" said I to Mr. Potiphar. "Perhaps Mr. Cheese finds gas too bright for his eyes; and that's his misfortune, not his fault.

"Polly," said Mr. Potiphar, who *will* call me Polly, although it sounds so very vulgar, "please not to meddle with things you don't understand. You may have Cream Cheese to dinner as much as you choose; but I will not have him in the pulpit of my church."

The same day, Mr. Cheese happened in about lunch-time, and I asked him if his eyes were really weak.

"Not at all," said he. "Why do you ask?"

Then I told him that I had heard he was so fond of candlesticks.

Ah, Caroline! you should have seen him then. He stopped in the midst of pouring out a glass of Mr. P.'s best old port; and holding the decanter in one hand, and the glass in the other, he looked so beautifully sad, and said in that sweet, low voice, —

"Dear Mrs. Potiphar, the blood of the martyrs is

the seed of the Church." Then he filled up his glass, and drank the wine off with such a mournful, resigned air, and wiped his lips so gently with his cambric handkerchief (I saw that it was a hemstitch), that I had no voice to ask him to take a bit of the cold chicken; which he did, however, without my asking him. But when he said in the same low voice, "A little more breast, dear Mrs. Potiphar," I was obliged to run into the drawing-room for a moment to recover myself.

Well, after he had lunched, I told him that I wished to take his advice upon something connected with the church (for a prayer-book *is*, you know, dear); and he looked so sweetly at me, that (would you believe it?) I almost wished to be a Catholic, and to confess three or four times a week, and to have him for my confessor. But it's very wicked to wish to be a Catholic, and it wasn't real much, you know; but, somehow, I thought so. When I asked him in what velvet he would advise me to have my prayer-book bound, he talked beautifully for about twenty minutes. I wish you could have heard him. I'm not sure that I understood much of what he said. How should I? But it was very beautiful. Don't laugh, Carrie. But there was one thing I did under-

stand, and which, as it came pretty often, quite helped me through. It was, "Dear Mrs. Potiphar," You can't tell how nicely he says it. He began by telling me that it was very important to consider all the details and little things about the church. He said they were all timbales or cymbals, or something of that kind; and then he talked very prettily about the stole, and the violet and scarlet capes of the cardinals, and purple chasubles, and the lace edge of the pope's little short-gown; and, — do you know it was very funny? — but it seemed to me, somehow, as if I was talking with Portier or Florine Lefevre, except that he used such beautiful words. Well, by and by, he said, —

"Therefore, dear Mrs. Potiphar, as your faith is so pure and childlike, and as I observe that the light from the yellow panes usually falls across your pew, I would advise that you cymbalize your faith (wouldn't that be noisy in church?) by binding your prayer-book in pale blue, the color of skim-milk, dear Mrs. Potiphar, which is so full of pastoral associations."

Why did he emphasize the word "pastoral"? Do you wonder that I like Cream Cheese, dear Caroline, when he is so gentle and religious? — and

such a pretty religion too! For he is not only well-dressed, and has such aristocratic hands and feet in the parlor; but he is so perfectly gentlemanly in the pulpit. He never raises his voice too loud, and he has such wavy gestures. Mr. Potiphar says that may be all very true; but he knows perfectly well that he has a hankering for artificial flowers, and that, for his part, he prefers the doctor to any preacher he ever heard; "because," he says, "I can go quietly to sleep, confident that he will say nothing that might not be preached from every well-regulated pulpit; whereas, if we should let Cream Cheese into the desk, I should have to keep awake to be on the lookout for some of these new-fangled idolatries; and, Polly Potiphar, I for for one, am determined to have nothing to do with the Scarlet Woman."

Darling Caroline — I don't care much — but did he ever have any thing to do with a Scarlet Woman?

After he said that about artificial flowers, I ordered from Martelle the sweetest sprig of *immortelle* he had in his shop, and sent it anonymously on St. Valentine's Day. Of course I didn't wish to do any thing secret from my husband, that might make

people talk: so I wrote, "Reverend Cream Cheese; from his grateful *Skim-milk.*" I marked the last words, and hope he understood that I meant to express my thanks for his advice about the pale-blue cover. You don't think it was too romantic, do you, dear?

You can imagine how pleasantly Lent is passing since I see so much of him; and then it is so appropriate to Lent to be intimate with a minister! He goes with me to church a great deal; for Mr. Potiphar, of course, has no time for that, except on Sundays: and it is really delightful to see such piety. He makes the responses in the most musical manner; and when he kneels, upon entering the pew, he is the admiration of the whole church. He buries his face entirely in a cloud of cambric pocket-handkerchief, with his initial embroidered at the corner; and his hair is beautifully parted down behind, which is very fortunate, as otherwise it would look so badly when only half his head showed. I feel *so* good when I sit by his side; and when the doctor (as Mr. P. says) "blows up" those terrible sinners in Babylon and the other Bible towns, I always find the Rev. Cream's eyes fixed upon me, with so much sweet sadness, that I am very, very

sorry for the naughty people the doctor talks about. Why did they do so, do you suppose, dear Caroline? How thankful we ought to be that we live now with so many churches, and such fine ones, and with such gentlemanly ministers as Mr. Cheese! And how nicely it's arranged, that after dancing and dining for two or three months constantly, during which, of course, we can only go to church Sundays, there comes a time for stopping, when we're tired out, and for going to church every day, and (as Mr. P. says) "striking a balance," and thinking about being good, and all those things! We don't lose a great deal, you know. It makes a variety; and we all see each other just the same, only we don't dance. I do think it would be better if we took our lorgnettes with us, however; for it was only last Wednesday, at nine o'clock prayers, that I saw Sheena Silke across the church, in their little pew at the corner, and I am sure that she had a new bonnet on; and yet, though I looked at it all the time, trying to find out, prayers were fairly over before I discovered whether it was really new, or only that old white one made over with a few new flowers. Now, if I had had my glass, I could have told in a moment, and shouldn't have been obliged to lose all the prayers.

But, as I was saying, those poor old people in Babylon and Nineveh! — only think, if they had had the privilege of prayers for six or seven weeks in Lent, and regular preaching the rest of the year, except, of course, in the summer — (by the by, I wonder if they all had some kind of Saratoga or Newport to go to. I mean to ask Mr. Cheese), they might have been good, and all have been happy. It's quite awful to hear how eloquent and earnest the doctor is when he preaches against Babylon. Mr. P. says he likes to have him "pitch into those old sinners; it does 'em so much good:" and then he looks quite fierce. Mr. Cheese is going to read me a sermon he has written upon the maidenhood of Lot's wife. He says that he quotes a great deal of poetry in it, and that I must *dam* up the fount of my tears when he reads it. It was an odd expression for a minister, wasn't it? and I was obliged to say, "Mr. Cheese, you forgot yourself." He replied, "Dear Mrs. Potiphar, I will explain;" and he did so; so that I admired him more than ever.

Dearest Caroline, if you should only like him! He asked one day about you; and, when I told him what a dear good girl you are, he said, "And her father has worldly possessions, has he not?"

I answered, Yes; that your father was very rich. Then he sighed, and said that he could never marry an heiress, unless he clearly saw it to be his duty. Isn't it a beautiful resignation?

I had no idea of saying so much about him; but you know it's proper, when writing a letter in Lent, to talk about religious matters. And I must confess there is something comfortable in having to do with such things. Don't you feel better, when you've been dancing all the week, and dining, and going to the opera, and flirting, and flying round, to go to church on Sundays? I do. It seems, somehow, as if we ought to go. But I do wish Mrs. Crœsus would sit somewhere else than just in front of us; for her new bonnets and her splendid collars and capes make me quite miserable. And then she puts me out of conceit of my things by talking about Lawson, or somebody, as I told you in the beginning.

Mr. Potiphar has sent out for the new carpets. I had only two spoiled at my ball, you know, and that was very little. One always expects to sacrifice at least two carpets upon occasion of seeing one's friends. That handsome one in the supper-room was entirely ruined. Would you believe that Mr.

P., when he went down stairs the next morning, found our Fred and his cousin hoeing it with their little hoes? It was entirely matted with preserves and things; and the boys said they were scraping it clean for breakfast. The other spoiled carpet was in the gentlemen's dressing-room, where the punch-bowl was. Young Gauche Boosey, a very gentlemanly fellow, you know, ran up after polking, and was so confused with the light and heat, that he went quite unsteadily; and as he was trying to fill a glass with the silver ladle (which is rather heavy), he somehow leaned too hard upon the table, and down went the whole thing, — table, bowl, punch, and Boosey, and ended my poor carpet. I was sorry for that, and also for the bowl, which was a very handsome one, imported from China by my father's partner, — a wedding-gift to me, — and for the table, a delicate rosewood stand, which was a work-table of my sister Lucy's, whom you never knew, and who died long and long ago. However, I was amply repaid by Boosey's drollery afterward. He is a very witty young man; and when he got up from the floor, saturated with punch (his clothes, I mean), he looked down at the carpet, and said, —

"Well, I've given that such a punch, it will want some *lemon-aid* to recover."

I suppose he had some idea about lemon acid taking out spots.

But the best thing was what he said to me. He is so droll, that he insisted upon coming down, and finishing the dance just as he was. The funny fellow brushed against all the dresses in his way, and finally said to me, as he pointed to a lemon-seed upon his coat, —

"I feel so very *lemon-choly* for what I have done."

I laughed very much (you were in the other room); but Mr. P. stepped up, and ordered him to leave the house. Boosey said he would do no such thing; and I have no doubt we should have had a scene, if Mr. P. had not marched him straight to the door, and put him into a carriage, and told the driver where to take him. Mr. P. was red enough when he came back.

"No man shall insult me or my guests, by getting drunk in my house," said he; and he has since asked me not to invite Boosey, nor "any of his kind," as he calls them, to our house. However, I think it will pass over. I tell him that all young men of spirit get a little excited with wine sometimes, and he mustn't be too hard upon them.

"Madame," said he to me, the first time I ven-

tured to say that, "no man with genuine self-respect ever gets drunk twice; and, if you had the faintest idea of the misery which a little elegant intoxication has produced in scores of families that you know, you would never insinuate again that a little excitement from wine is an agreeable thing. There's your friend Mrs. Crœsus" (he thinks she's my friend, because we call each other "dear"): "she is delighted to be a fashionable woman, and to be described as the 'peerless and accomplished Mrs. C–œ–s,' in letters from the watering-places to 'The Herald;' but I tell you, if any thing of the woman or the mother is left in the fashionable Mrs. Crœsus, I could wring her heart as it never was wrung — and never shall be by me — by showing her the places that young Timon Crœsus haunts, the people with whom he associates, and the drunkenness, gambling, and worse dissipations of which he is guilty.

"Timon Crœsus is eighteen or nineteen, or, perhaps, twenty years old; and, Polly, I tell you, he is actually *blasé*, worn out with dissipation, the companion of blacklegs, the Chevalier of Cyprians, tipsy every night, and haggard every morning. Timon Crœsus is the puny caricature of a man mentally, morally, and physically. He gets 'ele-

gantly intoxicated' at your parties; he goes off to sup with Gauche Boosey. You and Mrs. Crœsus think them young men of spirit; it is an exhilarating case of sowing wild oats, you fancy: and when, at twenty-five, Timon Crœsus stands ruined in the world, without aims or capacities, without the esteem of a single man, or his own self-respect, — youth, health, hope, and energy, all gone forever, — then you and your dear Mrs. Crœsus will probably wonder at the horrible harvest. Mrs. Potiphar, ask the Rev. Cream Cheese to omit his sermon upon the maidenhood of Lot's wife, and preach from this text, 'They that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind.' Good heavens! Polly, fancy our Fred growing up to such a life! I'd rather bury him to-morrow!"

I never saw Mr. P. so much excited. He fairly put his handkerchief to his eyes; and I really believe he cried. But I think he exaggerates these things; and as he had a very dear friend who went worse and worse, until he died frightfully, a drunkard, it is not strange he should speak so warmly about it. But as Mrs. Crœsus says, —

"What can you do? You can't curb these boys: you don't want to break their spirits; you don't want to make them milksops."

When I repeated the speech to Mr. P., he said to me with a kind of solemnity, —

"Tell Mrs. Crœsus that I am not here to judge nor dictate; but she may be well assured, that every parent is responsible for every child of his to the utmost of the influence he can exert, whether he chooses to consider himself so or not. And if not now, in this world, yet somewhere and somehow, he must hear and heed the voice that called to Cain in the garden, 'Where is Abel, thy brother?'"

I can't bear to hear Mr. P. talk in that way: it sounds so like preaching; not precisely like what I hear at church, but like what we mean when we say "preaching," without referring to any particular sermon. However, he grants that young Timon is an extreme case: but he says it is the result that proves the principle; and a state of feeling which not only allows, but indirectly fosters, that result, is frightful to think of.

"Don't think of it then, Mr. P.," said I. He looked at me for a moment with the sternest scowl I ever saw upon a man's face; then he suddenly ran up to me, and kissed me on the forehead (although my hair was all dressed for Mrs. Gnu's dinner), and went out of the house. He hasn't said much to me

since; but he speaks very gently when he does speak, and sometimes I catch him looking at me in such a singular way, so half mournful, that Mr. Cheese's eyes don't seem so very sad, after all.

However, to return to the party: I believe nothing else was injured, except the curtains in the front drawing-room, which were so smeared with ice-cream and oyster-gravy, that we must get new ones; and the cover of my porcelain tureen was broken by the servant, though the man said he really didn't mean to do it, and I could say nothing; and a party of young men, after the German cotillon, did let fall that superb cut-glass claret, and shivered it, with a dozen of the delicately-engraved straw-stems that stood upon the waiter. That was all, I believe — oh! except that fine "Dresden Gallery," the most splendid book I ever saw, full of engravings of the great pictures in Dresden, Vienna, and the other Italian towns, and which was sent to Mr. P. by an old friend, an artist, whom he had helped along when he was very poor. Somebody unfortunately tipped over a bottle of claret that stood upon the table (I am sure I don't know how it got there, though Mr. P. says Gauche Boosey knows), and it lay soaking into the book; so that almost every

picture has a claret stain, which looks so funny. I am very sorry, I am sure; but, as I tell Mr. P., it's no use crying for spilt milk. I was telling Mr. Boosey of it at the Gnus' dinner. He laughed very much; and, when I said that a good many of the faces were sadly stained, he said in his droll way, "You ought to call it *L'opera di Bordeaux; Le Domino rouge.*" I supposed it was something funny, so I laughed a good deal. He said to me later, —

"Shall I pour a little claret into your book — I mean into your glass?"

Wasn't it a pretty *bon-mot?*

Don't you think we are getting very *spirituel* in this country?

I believe there was nothing else injured, except the bed-hangings in the back-room, which were somehow badly burnt, and very much torn in pulling down; and a few of our handsomest shades that were cracked by the heat; and a few plates, which it was hardly fair to expect wouldn't be broken; and the colored glass door in my *escritoire*, against which Flattie Podge fell as she was dancing with Gauche Boosey; but he may have been a little excited you know, and she, poor girl, couldn't help tumbling, and as her head hit the glass, of course it broke,

and cut her head badly, so that the blood ran down, and naturally spoiled her dress; and what little *escritoire* could stand against Flattie Podge? So that went, and was a good deal smashed in falling. That's all, I think, except that the next day Mrs. Crœsus sent a note, saying that she had lost her largest diamond from her necklace; and she was sure that it was not in the carriage, nor in her own house, nor upon the sidewalk, for she had carefully looked everywhere, *and she would be very glad if I would return it by the bearer.*

Think of that!

Well, we hunted everywhere, and found no diamond. I took particular pains to ask the servants if they had found it; for, if they had, they might as well give it up at once, without expecting any reward from Mrs. Crœsus, who wasn't very generous. But they all said they hadn't found any diamond; and our man John, who you know is so guileless, — although it *was* a little mysterious about that emerald pin of mine, — brought me a bit of glass that had been nicked out of my large custard-dish, and asked me if that was not Mrs. Crœsus's diamond. I told him no, and gave him a gold dollar for his honesty. John is an invaluable servant; he is so guileless.

Do you know, I am not so sure about Mrs. Crœsus's diamond!

Mr. P. made a great growling about the ball. But it was very foolish, for he got safely to bed by six o'clock; and he need have no trouble about replacing the curtains and glass, &c. I shall do all that; and the sum total will be sent to him in a lump, so that he can pay it.

Men are so unreasonable! Fancy us at seven o'clock that morning, when I retired. He wasn't asleep. But whose fault was that?

"Polly," said he, "that's the last."

"Last what?" said I.

"Last ball at my house," said he.

"Fiddle-dee-dee," said I.

"I tell you, Mrs. Potiphar, I am not going to open my house for a crowd of people who don't go away till daylight, who spoil my books and furniture, who involve me in a foolish expense; for a gang of rowdy boys, who drink my Margaux and Lafitte and Marcobrunner (what kind of drinks are those, dear Caroline?), and who don't know Chambertin from licorice-water; for a swarm of persons few of whom know me, fewer still care for me, and to whom I am only 'Old Potiphar,' the

husband of you, a fashionable woman. I am simply resolved to have no more such tom-foolery in my house."

"Dear Mr. P.," said I, "you'll feel much better when you have slept. Besides, why do you say such things? Mustn't we see our friends, I should like to know; and, if we do, are you going to let your wife receive them in a manner inferior to old Mrs. Podge or Mrs. Crœsus? People will accuse you of meanness, and of treating me ill; and, if some persons hear that you have reduced your style of living, they will begin to suspect the state of your affairs. Don't make any rash vows, Mr. P.," said I, "but go to sleep."

(Do you know that speech was just what Mrs. Crœsus told me she had said to her husband under similar circumstances?)

Mr. P. fairly groaned; and I heard that short, strong little word that sometimes inadvertently drops out of the best-regulated mouths, as young Gooseberry Downe says when he swears before his mother. Do you know Mrs. Settum Downe? Charming woman, but satirical.

Mr. P. groaned, and said some more ill-natured things, until the clock struck nine, and he was

obliged to get up. I should be sorry to say to anybody but you, dearest, that I was rather glad of it; for I could then fall asleep at my ease; and these little connubial felicities (I think they call them) are so tiresome! But everbody agreed it was a beautiful ball; and I had the great gratification of hearing young Lord Mount Ague (you know you danced with him, love) say that it was quite the same thing as a ball at Buckingham Palace, except, of course, in size, and the number of persons and dresses and jewels, and the plate and glass and supper and wines, and furnishing of the rooms, and lights, and some of those things, which are naturally upon a larger scale at a palace than in a private house. But he said, excepting such things, it was quite as fine. I am afraid Lord Mount Ague flatters, — just a little bit, you know.

Yes; and there was young Major Staggers, who said, that "Decidedly it was *the* party of the season."

"How odd!" said Mrs. Crœsus, to whom I told it, and, I confess, with a little pride. "What a sympathetic man! that is, for a military man, I mean. Would you believe, dear Mrs. Potiphar, that he said precisely the same thing to me two days after my ball?"

Now, Caroline dearest, *perhaps* he did!

With all these pleasant things said about one's party, I cannot see that it is such a dismal thing as Mr. P. tries to make out. After one of his solemn talks, I asked Mr. Cheese what he thought of balls, whether it was so very wicked to dance, and go to parties, if one only went to church twice a day on Sundays. He patted his lips a moment with his handkerchief; and then he said, — and, Caroline, you can always quote the Rev. Cream Cheese as authority, —

"Dear Mrs. Potiphar, it is recorded in Holy Scripture that the king danced before the Lord."

Darling, *if any thing should happen*, I don't believe he would object much to your dancing.

What gossips we women are, to be sure! I meant to write you about our new livery, and I am afraid I have tired you out already. You remember when you were here, I said that I meant to have a livery; for my sister Margaret told me, that when they used to drive in Hyde Park, with the old Marquis of Mammon, it was always so delightful to hear him say, —

"Ah! there is Lady Lobster's livery."

It was so aristocratic! And in countries where

certain colors distinguish certain families, and are hereditary, so to say, it is convenient and pleasant to recognize a coat-of-arms, or a livery, and to know that the representative of a great and famous family is passing by.

"That's a Howard, that's a Russell, that's a Dorset, that's De Colique, that's Mount Ague," old Lord Mammon used to say as the carriages whirled by. He knew none of them personally, I believe, except De Colique and Mount Ague; but then it was so agreeable to be able to know their liveries.

Now, why shouldn't we have the same arrangement? Why not have the Smith colors, and the Brown colors, and the Black colors, and the Potiphar colors, &c., so that the people might say, "Ah! there go the Potiphar arms"?

There is one difficulty, Mr. P. says; and that is, that he found five hundred and sixty-seven Smiths in the directory, which might lead to some confusion. But that was absurd, as I told him, because everybody would know which of the Smiths was able to keep a carriage; so that the livery would be recognized directly the moment that any of the family were seen in the carriage. Upon which he said, in his provoking way, "Why have any livery at

all, then?" and he persisted in saying that no Smith was ever *the* Smith for three generations, and that he knew at least twenty, each of whom was able to set up his carriage, and stand by his colors.

"But then a livery is so elegant and aristocratic," said I, "and it shows that a servant is a servant."

That last was a strong argument; and I thought Mr. P. would have nothing to say against it. But he rattled on for some time, asking me what right I had to be aristocratic, or, in fact, anybody else; went over his eternal old talk about aping foreign habits, as if we hadn't a right to adopt the good usages of all nations; and finally said that the use of liveries among us was not only a "pure peacock absurdity," as he called it, but that no genuine American would ever ask another to assume a menial badge.

"Why!" said I, "is not an American servant a servant still?"

"Most undoubtedly," he said; "and when a man is a servant, let him serve faithfully; and in this country especially, where to-morrow he may be the served, and not the servant, let him not be ashamed of serving. But, Mrs. Potiphar, I beg you to observe that a servant's livery is not, like a general's uniform, the badge of honorable service, but of

menial service. Of course, a servant may be as honorable as a general, and his work quite as necessary and well done. But, for all that, it is not so respected nor coveted a situation, I believe ; and, in social estimation, a man suffers by wearing a livery, as he never would if he wore none. And while, in countries in which a man is proud of being a servant (as every man may well be of being a good one), and never looks to any thing else, nor desires any change, a livery may be very proper to the state of society, and very agreeable to his own feelings, it is quite another thing in a society constituted upon altogether different principles, where the servant of to-day is the senator of to-morrow. Besides that, which I suppose is too fine-spun for you, livery is a remnant of a feudal state, of which we abolish every trace as fast as we can. That which is represented by livery is not consonant with our principles."

How the man runs on, when he gets going this way! I said, in answer to all this flourish, that I considered a livery very much the thing ; that European families had liveries, and American families might have liveries ; that there was an end of it, and I meant to have one. Besides, if it is a matter of family, I should like to know who has a better

right? There was Mr. Potiphar's grandfather, to be sure, was only a skilful blacksmith and a good citizen, as Mr. P. says, who brought up a family in the fear of the Lord.

How oddly he puts those things!

But *my* ancestors, as you know, are a different matter. Starr Mole, who interests himself in genealogies, and knows the family name and crest of all the English nobility, has "climbed our family tree," as Staggers says, and finds that I am lineally descended from one of those two brothers who came over in some of those old times, in some of those old ships, and settled in some of those old places somewhere. So you see, dear Caroline, if birth gives any one a right to coats-of-arms and liveries, and all those things, I feel myself sufficiently entitled to have them.

But I don't care any thing about that. The Gnus and Crœsuses and Silkes, and the Settum Downes, have their coats-of-arms, and crests, and liveries, and I am not going to be behind, I tell you. Mr. P. ought to remember that a great many of these families were famous before they came to this country; and there is a kind of interest in having on your ring, for instance, the same crest that your ancestor,

two or three centuries ago, had upon her ring. One day I was quite wrought up about the matter, and I said as much to him.

"Certainly," said he, "certainly: you are quite right. If I had Sir Philip Sidney to my ancestor, I should wear his crest upon my ring, and glory in my relationship; and I hope I should be a better man for it. I wouldn't put his arms upon my carriage, however, because that would mean nothing but ostentation. It would be merely a flourish of trumpets to say that I was his descendant, and nobody would know that, either, if my name chanced to be Boggs. In my library I might hang a copy of the family escutcheon as a matter of interest and curiosity to myself, for I'm sure I shouldn't understand it. Do you suppose Mrs. Gnu knows what *gules argent* are? A man may be as proud of his family as he chooses, and, if he has noble ancestors, with good reason. But there is no sense in parading that pride. It is an affectation, the more foolish that it achieves nothing, no more credit at Stewart's, no more real respect in society. Besides, Polly, who were Mrs. Gnu's ancestors, or Mrs. Crœsus's, or Mrs. Settum Downe's? Good, quiet, honest, and humble people, who did their work, and rest from

their labors. Centuries ago, in England, some drops of blood from 'noble' veins may have mingled with the blood of their forefathers; or even the founder of the family name may be historically famous. What then? Is Mrs. Gnu's family ostentation less absurd? Do you understand the meaning of her crest, and coats-of-arms, and liveries? Do you suppose she does herself? But in forty-nine cases out of fifty, there is nothing but a similarity of name upon which to found all this flourish of aristocracy."

My dear old Pot is getting rather prosy, Carrie. So when he had finished that long speech, during which I was looking at the lovely fashion-plates in Harper, I said, —

"What colors do you think I'd better have?"

He looked at me with that singular expression, and went out suddenly, as if he were afraid he might say something.

He had scarcely gone before I heard, —

"My dear Mrs. Potiphar, the sight of you is refreshing as Hermon's dew."

I colored a little. Mr. Cheese says such things so softly! But I said good-morning, and then asked him about liveries, &c.

He raised his hand to his cravat (it was the most snowy lawn, Carrie, and tied in a splendid bow).

"Is not this a livery, dear Mrs. Potiphar?"

And then he went off into one of those pretty talks, in what Mr. P. calls "the language of artificial flowers," and wound up by quoting Scripture: "Servants, obey your masters."

That was enough for me. So I told Mr. Cheese, that, as he had already assisted me in colors once, I should be most glad to have him do so again. What a time we had, to be sure, talking of colors, and cloths, and gaiters, and buttons, and knee-breeches, and waistcoats, and plush, and coats, and lace, and hatbands, and gloves, and cravats, and cords, and tassels, and hats. Oh, it was delightful! You can't fancy how heartily the Rev. Cream entered into the matter. He was quite enthusiastic, and at last he said, with so much expression, "Dear Mrs. Potiphar, why not have a *chasseur?*"

I thought it was some kind of French dish for lunch: so I said, —

"I am so sorry; but we haven't any in the house."

"Oh!" said he; "but you could hire one, you know."

Then I thought it must be a musical instrument,

a panharmonicon, or something of that kind: so I said in a general way, —

"I'm not very, very fond of it."

"But it would be so fine to have him standing on the back of the carriage, his plumes waving in the wind, and his lace and polished belts flashing in the sun, as you whirled down Broadway."

Of course I knew then that he was speaking of those military gentlemen who ride behind carriages, especially upon the Continent, as Margaret tells me, and who in Paris are very useful to keep the savages and wild beasts at bay in the *Champs Elysées;* for you know they are intended as a guard.

But I knew Mr. P. would be firm about that: so I asked Mr. Cheese not to kindle my imagination with the *chasseur.*

We concluded, finally, to have only one full-sized footman, and a fat driver.

"The corpulence is essential, dear Mrs. Potiphar," said Mr. Cheese. "I have been much abroad; I have mingled, I trust, in good, which is to say, Christian society; and I must say, that few things struck me more upon my return than that the ladies who drive very handsome carriages, with footmen, &c., in livery, should permit such thin coach-

men upon the box. I really believe that Mrs. Settum Downe's coachman doesn't weigh more than a hundred and thirty pounds, which is ridiculous. A lady might as well hire a footman with insufficient calves, as a coachman who weighs less than two hundred and ten. That is the minimum. Besides, I don't observe any wigs upon the coachmen. Now, if a lady sets up her carriage with the family crest, and fine liveries, why, I should like to know, is the wig of the coachman omitted, and his cocked hat also? It is a kind of shabby, half-ashamed way of doing things, — a garbled glory. The cock-hatted, knee-breeched, paste-buckled, horse-hair-wigged coachman is one of the institutions of the aristocracy. If we don't have him complete, we somehow make ourselves ridiculous. If we do have him complete, why, then" —

Here Mr. Cheese coughed a little, and patted his mouth with his cambric. But what he said was very true. I *should* like to come out with the wig — I mean upon the coachman: it would so put down the Settum Downes. But I'm sure old Pot wouldn't have it. He lets me do a great deal. But there is a line which I feel he won't let me pass. I mentioned my fears to Mr. Cheese.

"Well," he said, "Mr. Potiphar may be right. I remember an expression of my carnal days about 'coming it too strong,' which seems to me to be applicable just here."

After a little more talk, I determined to have red plush breeches, with a black cord at the side; white stockings; low shoes with large buckles; a yellow waistcoat with large buttons, lappels to the pockets; and a purple coat, very full and fine, bound with gold lace; and the hat banded with a full gold rosette. Don't you think that would look well in Hyde Park? And, darling Carrie, why shouldn't we have in Broadway what they have in Hyde Park?

When Mr. P. came in, I told him all about it. He laughed a good deal, and said, "What next?" So I am not sure he would be so very hard upon the wig. The next morning I had appointed to see the new footman; and, as Mr. P. went out, he turned, and said to me, "Is your footman coming to-day?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well," said he, "don't forget the calves. You know that every thing, in the matter of livery, depends upon the calves."

And he went out, laughing silently to himself, with — actually, Carrie — a tear in his eye.

But it was true, wasn't it? I remember in all the books and pictures how much is said about the calves. In advertisements, &c., it is stated, that none but well-developed calves need apply; at least, it is so in England, and, if I have a livery, I am not going to stop half-way. My duty was very clear. When Mr. Cheese came in, I said I felt awkward in asking a servant about his calves: it sounded so queerly. But I confessed that it was necessary.

"Yes; the path of duty is not always smooth, dear Mrs. Potiphar. It is often thickly strewn with thorns," said he, as he sank back in the *fauteuil*, and put down his *petit verre* of *Marasquin*.

Just after he had gone, the new footman was announced. I assure you, although it is ridiculous, I felt quite nervous. But, when he came in, I said calmly, —

"Well, James, I am glad you have come."

"Please, ma'am, my name is Henry," said he.

I was astonished at his taking me up so, and said decidedly, —

"James, the name of my footman is always James. You may call yourself what you please: I shall always call you James."

The idea of the man's undertaking to arrange my servants' names for me!

Well, he showed me his references, which were very good: and I was quite satisfied. But there was the terrible calf-business that must be attended to. I put it off a great while; but I had to begin.

"Well, James!" and there I stopped.

"Yes, ma'am," said he.

"I wish — yes — ah!" and I stopped again.

"Yes, ma'am," said he.

"James, I wish you had come in knee-breeches."

"Ma'am?" said he in great surprise.

"In knee-breeches, James," repeated I.

"What be they, ma'am? What for, ma'am?" said he, a little frightened, as I thought.

"Oh, nothing, nothing; but — but" —

"Yes, ma'am," said James.

"But — but I want to see — to see" —

"What, ma'am?" said James.

"Your legs," gasped I; and the path *was* thorny enough, Carrie, I can tell you. I had a terrible time explaining to him what I meant, and all about the liveries, &c. Dear me! what a pity these things are not understood; and then we should never have this trouble about explanations. However, I couldn't make him agree to wear the livery. He said, —

"I'll try to be a good servant, ma'am; but I cannot put on those things, and make a fool of myself. I hope you won't insist; for I am very anxious to get a place."

Think of his dictating to me! I told him that I did not permit my servants to impose conditions upon me (that's one of Mrs. Crœsus's sayings), that I was willing to pay him good wages, and treat him well, but that my James must wear my livery. He looked very sorry, said that he should like the place very much; that he was satisfied with the wages, and was sure he should please me: but he could not put on those things. We were both determined, and so parted. I think we were both sorry; for I should have to go all through the calf-business again, and he lost a good place.

However, Caroline, dear, I have my livery and my footman, and am as good as anybody. It's very splendid when I go to Stewart's to have the red plush, and the purple, and the white calves, springing down to open the door, and to see people look, and say, "I wonder who that is!" And everybody bows so nicely! and the clerks are so polite! and Mrs. Gnu is melting with envy on the other side; and Mrs. Crœsus goes about, saying, "Dear little

woman, that Mrs. Potiphar, but so weak! Pity, pity!" And Mrs. Settum Downe says, "Is that the Potiphar livery? Ah, yes! Mr. Potiphar's grandfather used to shoe my grandfather's horses" (as if to be useful in the world were a disgrace, as Mr. P. says). And young Downe and Boosey and Timon Crœsus come up and stand about so gentlemanly, and say, "Well, Mrs. Potiphar, are we to have no more charming parties this season?" and Boosey says, in his droll way, "Let's keep the ball a-rolling!" That young man is always ready with a witticism. Then I step out, and James throws open the door; and the young men raise their hats; and the new crowd says, "I wonder who that is!" and the plush, and purple, and calves spring up behind, and I drive home to dinner.

Now, Carrie dear, isn't that nice?

Well, I don't know how it is; but things are so queer! Sometimes when I wake up in the morning, in my room, which I have had tapestried with fluted rose silk, and lie thinking under the lace curtains; although I may have been at one of Mrs. Gnu's splendid parties the night before, and am going to Mrs. Silke's to dinner, and to the opera and Mrs. Settum Downe's in the evening, and have nothing to

do all day but go to Stewart's, or Martelle's, or Lefevre's and shop, and pay morning-calls, — do you know, as I say, that sometimes I hear an old familiar tune played upon a hand-organ far away in some street, and it seems to me, in that half-drowsy state under the laces, that I hear the girls and boys singing it in the fields where we used to play? It is a kind of dream, I suppose; but often, as I listen, I am sure that I hear Henry's voice again, that used to ring so gayly among the old trees, and I walk with him in the sunlight to the bank by the river; and he throws in the flower, — as he really did, — and says with a laugh, "If it goes this side of the stump, I am saved; if the other, I am lost;" and then looks at me as if I had any thing to do with it. And the flower drifts slowly off and off, and goes the other side of the old stump, and we walk homeward silently, until Henry laughs out, and says, "Thank Heaven, my fate is not a flower;" and I swear to love him for ever and ever, and marry him, and live in a dingy little old room in some of the dark and dirty streets in the city.

Then I doze again: but presently the music steals into my sleep, and I see him, as I saw him last, standing in his pulpit, so calm and noble, and

drawing the strong men as well as the weak women by his earnest persuasion; and after service he smiles upon me kindly, and says, "This is my wife;" and the wife, who looks like the Madonna in that picture of Andrea Del Sarto's which you liked so at the gallery, leads us to a little house buried in roses, looking upon a broad and lovely landscape; and Henry whispers to me, as a beautiful boy bounds into the room, "Mrs. Potiphar, I am very happy."

I doze again until Adèle comes in, and opens the shutters. I do not hear the music any more; but those days I do somehow seem to hear it all the time. Of course, Mr. P. is gone long before I wake: so he knows nothing about all this. I generally come in at night after he is asleep; and he is up, and has his breakfast, and goes down town, before I wake in the morning. He comes home to dinner, but he is apt to be silent; and, after dinner, he takes his nap in the parlor, over his newspaper, while I go up and let Adèle dress my hair for the evening. Sometimes Mr. P. groans into a clean shirt, and goes with me to the ball, but not often. When I come home, as I said, he is asleep: so I don't see a great deal of him, except in the summer, when I am at Saratoga or Newport, and then

not so much, after all; for he usually only passes Sunday, and I must be a good Christian, you know, and go to church. On the whole, we have not a very intimate acquaintance; but I have a great respect for him. He told me the other day, that he should make at least thirty thousand dollars this year.

My darling Carrie, I am very sorry I can't write you a longer letter. I want to consult you about wearing gold powder, like the new empress. It would kill Mrs. Crœsus if you and I should be the first to come out in it; and don't you think the effect would be fine, when we were dancing, to shower the gold mist around us? How it would sparkle upon the gentlemen's black coats! ("Yes," says Mr. P., "and how finely Gauche Boosey, and Timon Crœsus, and young Downe, will look in silk tights and small-clothes!") They say it's genuine gold ground up. I have already sent for a white velvet and lace, — the empress's bridal dress, you know. That foolish old P. asked me if I had sent for the emperor and the bank of France too.

"Men ask such absurd questions!" said I.

"Mrs. Potiphar, I never asked but one utterly absurd question in my life," said he, and marched out of the house.

Au revoir, chère Caroline. I have a thousand things to say; but I know you must be tired to death.

Fondly yours,

POLLY POTIPHAR.

P.S. — Our little Fred is quite down with the scarlet-fever. Potiphar says I mustn't expose myself: so I don't go into the room; but Mrs. Jollup, the nurse, tells me through the keyhole how he is. Mr. P. sleeps in the room next the nursery, so as not to carry the infection to me. He looks very solemn as he walks down town. I hope it won't spoil Fred's complexion. I should be so sorry to have him a little fright! Poor little thing!

P.S. 2d. — Isn't it funny about the music?

MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON CARDS AND WHIST.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game. This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game, and lose another; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary who has slipped a wrong card, to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may

be said that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul, and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took and gave no concessions. She hated favors. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary, without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She sat bolt upright; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side, their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that hearts was her favorite suit.

I never in my life — and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it — saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play, or snuff a candle in the middle of a game, or ring for a servant till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its progress. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards; and, if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-

century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his excess of candor, declared that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind. She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do; and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards — over a book.

Pope was her favorite author; his "Rape of the Lock," her favorite work. She once did me the favor to play over with me (with the cards) his celebrated game of ombre in that poem, and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, tradrille. Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I had the pleasure of sending the substance of them to Mr. Bowles; but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure young persons. The uncertainty

and quick shifting of partners, a thing which the constancy of whist abhors; the dazzling supremacy and regal investiture of Spadille, absurd, as she justly observed, in the pure aristocracy of whist, where his crown and garter give him no proper power above his brother-nobility of the Aces; the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone; above all, the overpowering attractions of a Sans Prendre Vole, to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel or approaching, in the contingencies of whist, — all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of captivation to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the *solider* game: that was her word. It was a long meal, not, like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might co-extend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities. She despised the chance-started, capricious, and ever-fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian States, depicted by Machiavel; perpetually changing postures and connections; bitter foes to-day, sugared darlings to-morrow; kissing and scratching in a breath: but

the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, rational antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favorite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage, nothing superfluous; no *flushes*, that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up, — that any one should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and color, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism, as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colors of things. Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have a uniformity of array to distinguish them; but what should we say to a foolish squire, who should claim a merit from dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshalled, never to take the field? She even wished that whist were more simple than it is, and, in my mind, would have stripped it of some appendages, which, in the state of human frailty, may be venially and even commendably allowed of. She saw no reason for the

deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps? Why two colors, when the mark of the suit would have sufficiently distinguished them without it?

"But the eye, my dear madam, is agreeably refreshed with the variety. Man is not a creature of pure reason: he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your Quaker spirit of unsensualizing would have kept out. You yourself have a pretty collection of paintings; but confess to me, whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham, among those clear Vandykes, or among the Paul Potters in the ante-room, you ever felt your bosom glow with an elegant delight at all comparable to *that* you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a well-arranged assortment of the court-cards? — the pretty, antic habits, like heralds in a procession; the gay, triumph-assuring scarlets; the contrasting deadly-killing sables; the 'hoary majesty of spades;' Pam in all his glory!

"All these might be dispensed with; and, with their naked names upon the drab pasteboard, the game might go on very well, pictureless. But the

beauty of cards would be extinguished forever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling. Imagine a dull deal board, or drum head, to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet (next to Nature's), fittest arena for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and tourneys in! Exchange those delicately-turned ivory markers (work of Chinese artist, unconscious of their symbol, or as profanely slighting their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman that turned out those little shrines for the goddess), — exchange them for little bits of leather (our ancestors' money), or chalk and a slate!"

The old lady, with a smile, confessed the soundness of my logic; and, to her approbation of my argument on her favorite topic that evening, I have always fancied myself indebted for the legacy of a curious cribbage-board, made of the finest Sienna marble, which her maternal uncle (old Walter Plumer, whom I have elsewhere celebrated) brought with him from Florence: this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds, came to me at her death.

The former bequest (which I do not least value) I have kept with religious care; though she herself,

to confess a truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say, disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never heartily bring her mouth to pronounce, "*Go*," or "*That's a go.*" She called it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five-dollar stake) because she would not take advantage of the turn-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declaring, "*Two for his heels.*" There is something extremely genteel in this sort of denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet she held the best game at the cards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms, — such as pique, repique, the capot: they savored (she thought) of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She loved the quadrate, or square. She would argue thus: Cards are warfare: the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war, in disguise of a sport: when single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves, it is too close a fight; with spectators, it is not much

bettered. No looker-on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere affair of money: he cares not for your luck *sympathetically*, or for your play. Three are still worse, — a mere naked war of every man against every man, as in cribbage, without league or alliance; or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues, and not much more hearty infractions of them, as in tradille. But in square games (*she meant whist*) all that is possible to be attained in card-playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honor, common to every species, though the *latter* can be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participator. But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theatre to themselves; and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality, or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold, or even an interested bystander, witnesses it, but because your *partner* sympathizes in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two, again, are mortified; which divides their dis-

grace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War becomes a civil game. By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favorite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing*. Chance, she would argue, — and here again, admire the subtlety of her conclusion, — chance is nothing, but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious that cannot be *glory*. What rational cause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size ace a hundred times together by himself? or before spectators, where no stake was depending? Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number, and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively, without a prize? Therefore she disliked the mixture of chance in backgammon, where it was not played for money. She called it foolish, and those people idiots, who were taken with a lucky hit under such circum-

stances. Games of pure skill were as little to her fancy. Played for a stake, they were a mere system of over-reaching. Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man's wit — his memory or combination-faculty rather — against another's; like a mock-engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless. She could not conceive a game wanting the sprightly infusion of chance — the handsome excuses of good-fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room, whilst whist was stirring in the centre, would inspire her with insufferable horror and ennui. Those well-cut similitudes of castles and knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue (and I think in this case justly) were entirely misplaced and senseless. Those hard head contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and color. A pencil and dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort, that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other, that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards; that cards are a temporary

illusion, in truth, a mere drama; for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet during the illusion we *are* as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting, — much ado, great battling, and little blood-shed, mighty means for disproportioned ends, quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious *games* of life, which men play, without esteeming them to be such.

With great deference to the old lady's judgment on these matters, I think I have experienced some moments in my life when playing at cards *for nothing* has even been agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits, I sometimes call for the cards, and play a game at piquet *for love* with my cousin Bridget, — Bridget Elia.

I grant there is something sneaking in it; but with a toothache or a sprained ankle, when you are subdued and humble, you are glad to put up with an inferior spring of action.

There is such a thing in nature, I am convinced, as *sick whist*.

I grant it is not the highest style of man — I deprecate the manes of Sarah Battle — she lives not, alas! to whom I should apologize.

At such times, those terms which my old friend objected to come in as something admissible. I love to get a tierce or a quatorze, though they mean nothing. I am subdued to an inferior interest. Those shadows of winning amuse me.

That last game I had with my sweet cousin (I capotted her) — (dare I tell thee how foolish I am?) — I wished it might have lasted forever, though we gained nothing, and lost nothing, though it was a mere shade of play: I would be content to go on in that idle folly forever. The pipkin should be ever boiling, that was to prepare the gentle lenitive to my foot, which Bridget was doomed to apply after the game was over; and, as I do not much relish appliances, there it should ever bubble. Bridget and I should be ever playing.

THE PARISH REVOLUTION.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Alarming News from the Country. — Awful Insurrection at Stoke Pogis. — The Military called out. — Flight of the Mayor.

WE are concerned to state, that accounts were received in town at a late hour last night, of an alarming state of things at Stoke Pogis. Nothing private is yet made public; but report speaks of very serious occurrences. The number of killed is not yet known, as no despatches have been received.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Nothing is known yet. Papers have been received down to the 4th of November; but they are not up to any thing.

FURTHER, FURTHER PARTICULARS.

(*Private Letter.*)

It is scarcely possible for you, my dear Charles, to conceive the difficulties and anarchical manifestations of turbulence, which threaten and disturb your old birthplace, poor Stoke Pogis. To the reflecting mind, the circumstances which hourly transpire afford ample food for speculation and moral reasoning. To see the constituted authorities of a place, however mistaken or misguided by erring benevolence, plunging into a fearful struggle with an irritated, infuriated, and, I may say, armed populace, is a sight which opens a field for terrified conjecture. I look around me with doubt, agitation, and dismay; because, whilst I venerate those to whom the sway of a part of a State may be said to be intrusted, I cannot but yield to the conviction that the abuse of power must be felt to be an overstep of authority in the best intentioned of the magistracy. This even you will allow. Being on the spot, my dear Charles, an eye-witness of these fearful scenes, I feel how impossible it is for me to give you any idea of the prospects which surround me. To say that I think all will end well is to

trespass beyond the confines of hope; but, whilst I admit that there is strong ground for apprehending the worst, I cannot shut my eyes to the conviction, that if firm measures, tempered with concession, be resorted to, it is far from being out of the pale of probability that serenity may be re-established. In hazarding this conclusion, however, you must not consider me as at all forgetting the responsibilities which attach to a decidedly formed opinion. O Charles! you who are in the quiet of London can little dream of the conflicting elements which form the storm of this devoted village. I fear you will be wearied with all these details; but I thought, at this distance at which you are from me, you would wish me to run the risk of wearying you rather than omit any of the interesting circumstances. Let Edward read this: his heart, which I know beats for the parish, will bleed for us.

I am, &c.,

H. J. P.

P.S. — Nothing further has occurred; but you shall hear from me again to-morrow.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Symptoms of disunion have for some time past prevailed between the authorities of Stoke Pogis

and a part of the inhabitants. The *primum mobile*, or first mobbing, originated in an order of the mayor's, that all tavern doors should shut at eleven. Many complied, and shut; but the door of the Rampant Lion openly resisted the order. A more recent notice has produced a new and more dangerous irritation on our too combustible population. A proclamation against Guy Fawkes and fireworks was understood to be in preparation, by command of the chief magistrate. If his worship had listened to the earnest and prudential advice of the rest of the bench, the obnoxious placard would not have been issued till the 6th; but he had it posted up on the 4th, and by his precipitation has plunged Stoke Pogis into a convulsion that nothing but Time's Soothing Sirup can alleviate.

FROM ANOTHER QUARTER.

We are all here in the greatest alarm. A general rising of the inhabitants took place this morning, and they have continued in a disturbed state ever since. Everybody is in a bustle, and indicating some popular movement. Seditious cries are heard. The bellman is going his rounds, and on repeating, "God save the king!" is saluted with, "Hang the

crier!" Organized bands of boys are going about collecting sticks, &c., — whether for barricades or bonfires is not known, — many of them singing the famous gunpowder hymn, "Pray remember," &c. These are features that remind us of the most inflammable times. Several strangers of suspicious gentility arrived here last night, and privately engaged a barn: they are now busily distributing handbills amongst the crowd. Surely some horrible tragedy is in preparation!

A LATER ACCOUNT.

The alarm increases. Several families have taken flight by the wagon; and the office of Mr. Stewart, the overseer, is besieged by persons desirous of being passed to their own parish. He seems embarrassed and irresolute, and returns evasive answers. The worst fears are entertained.

FRESH INTELLIGENCE.

The cause of the overseer's hesitation has transpired. The pass-cart and horse have been lent to a tradesman, for a day's pleasure, and are not returned. Nothing can exceed the indignation of the paupers. They are all pouring towards the poor-

house, headed by Timothy Gubbing, a desperate drunken character, but the idol of the workhouse. The constables are retiring before this formidable body. The following notice is said to be posted up at the Town hall: "Stick no Bills."

Eleven o'clock.

The mob have proceeded to outrage. The poor poor-house has not a whole pane of glass in its whole frame. The magistrates, with Mr. Higginbottom at their head, have agreed to call out the military; and he has sent word that he will come as soon as he has put on his uniform.

A terrific column of little boys has just run down the High Street, it is said to see a fight at the Green Dragon. There is an immense crowd in the market-place. Some of the leading shop-keepers have had a conference with the mayor; and the people are now being informed by a placard of the result. Gracious heaven! how opposite is it to the hopes of all moderate men! "The Mare is Hobstinate. He is at the Roes and Crown, but refuses to treat."

Twelve o'clock.

The military has arrived, and is placed under his own command. He has marched himself in a body

to the market-place, and is now drawn up one deep in front of the pound. The mob are in possession of the walls, and have chalked upon them the following proclamation: "Stokian Pogians, be firm! Stick up for bonfires! Stand to your squibs!"

Quarter-past Twelve.

Mr. Wigsby, the master of the Free School, has declared on the side of liberty, and has obtained an audience of the mayor. He is to return in fifteen minutes for his Worship's decision.

Half-past Twelve.

During the interval, the mayor has sworn in two special constables, and will concede nothing. When the excitement of the mob was represented to him by Mr. Wigsby, he pointed to a truncheon on a table, and answered, "They may do their worsest." The exasperation is awful. The most frightful cries are uttered, "Huzza for Guys! Gubbins forever! and no Higginbottom!" The military has been ordered to clear the streets; but his lock is not flinty enough, and his gun refuses to fire on the people.

. . . . . .

The constables have just obtained a slight advantage: they made a charge all together, and almost

upset a Guy. On the left-hand side of the way they have been less successful. Mr. Huggins, the beadle, attempted to take possession of an important street-post, but was repulsed by a boy with a cracker. At the same moment Mr. Blogg, the churchwarden, was defeated in a desperate attempt to force a *passage* up a *court.*

One o'clock.

The military always dines at one, and has retreated to the Pig and Puncheon. There is a report that the head constable is taken with all his staff.

Two o'clock.

A flying watchman has just informed us that the police are victorious on all points; and the same has been confirmed by a retreating constable. He states that the pound is full, Gubbins in the stocks, and Dobbs in the cage; that the whole mob would have been routed, but for a very corpulent man, who rallied them on running away.

Half-past Three.

The check sustained by the mob proves to have been a reverse: the constables are the sufferers. The cage is chopped to fagots; we haven't a pound; and the stocks are rapidly falling. Mr. Wigsby has

again gone to the mayor with overtures. The people demand the release of Dobbs and Gubbins, and the demolition of the stocks, the pound, and the cage. As these are already destroyed, and Gubbins and Dobbs are at large, it is confidently hoped by all moderate men that his Worship will accede to the terms.

Four o'clock.

The mayor has rejected the terms. It is confidently affirmed, that, after this decision, he secretly ordered a post-chaise, and has set off with a pair of post-horses as fast as they can't gallop. A meeting of the principal tradesmen has taken place; and the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the cheesemonger, and the publican, have agreed to compose a provisional government. In the mean time the mob are loud in their joy: they are letting off squibs and crackers, and rockets, and devils, in all directions; and quiet is completely restored. We subjoin two documents, — one containing the articles drawn up by the provincial government and Mr. Wigsby; the other, the genuine narrative of a spectator: —

Dear Charles, — The events of the last few hours, since I closed my minute narration, are preg-

nant with fate; and no words that I can utter on paper will give you an idea of their interest. Up to the hour at which I closed my sheet, anxiety regulated the movement of every watchful bosom; but, since then, the approaches to tranquillity have met with barriers and interruptions. To the meditative mind, these popular paroxysms have their desolating deductions. Oh, my Charles! I myself am almost sunk into an Agitator; so much do we take the color from the dye in which our reasoning faculties are steeped. I stop the press, — yes, Charles, — I stop the press of circumstances to say that a dawn of the Pacific is gleaming over the Atlantic of our disturbances; and I am enabled, by the kindness of Constable Adams, to send you a copy of the Preliminaries, which are pretty well agreed upon, and only wait to be ratified. I close my letter in haste. That peace may descend on the Olive-Tree of Stoke Pogis is the earnest prayer of, &c.

H. J. P.

P.S. — Show the articles to Edward. He will, with his benevolence, at once see that they are indeed precious articles for Stoke Pogis.

CONDITIONS.

1. That, for the future, widows in Stoke Pogis shall be allowed their thirds, and Novembers their fifths.

2. That the property of Guys shall be held inviolable, and their persons respected.

3. That no arson be allowed, but all bonfires shall be burned by the common hangman.

4. That every rocket shall be allowed an hour to leave the place.

5. That the freedom of Stoke Pogis be presented to Madam Hengler in a cartridge-box.

6. That the military shall not be called out, uncalled for.

7. That the parish beadle, for the time being, be authorized to stand no nonsense.

8. That his Majesty's mail be permitted to pass on the night in question.

9. That all animosities be buried in oblivion, at the parish expense.

10. That the ashes of old bonfires be never raked up.

(Signed) { WAGGSTAFF, *High Constable.*
WIGSBY.

The Narrativ of a High Whitness who seed every think proceed out of a Back-winder up Fore Pears to Mrs. Humphries.

Oh Mrs. Humphris! Littel did I dram, at my Tim of Life, to see what is before me. The whole Parrish is throne into a Pannikin! The Revelations has reached Stock Poggis — and the people is riz agin the King's rain and all the Pours that be. All this Blessed Mourning Mrs. Griggs and Me as bean sitting abscondingly at the tip-top of the Hows, crying for lowness. We have locked our too selves in the back Attical Rome, and nothing can come up to our Hanksiety. Some say it is like the Frentch plot — sum say sumthing moor arter the Dutch Patten is on the car-pit, and if so we shall Be flored like Brussels. Well, I never did like them Brown holland brum gals!

Our Winder overlooks all the High Street, xcept jest ware Mister Higgins juts out Behind. What a prospectus! — All riotism and hubbub. — There is a lowd speechifying round the Gabble end of the Hows. The Mare is arranging the Populous from one of his own long winders. Poor Man! — for all his fine goold cheer, who wood Sit in his shews!

I hobserve Mr. Tuder's bauld Hed uncommon

hactiv in the Mobb, and so is Mister Wagstaff the Constable, considdering his rummatiz has only left one arm disaffected to shew his loyalness with. He and his men air staving the mobbs Heds to make them suppurate. They are trying to Custardise the Ringleders. But as yet have Captivated Noboddy. There is no end to accidence. Three unsensible boddies are Carrion over the way on Three Cheers, but weather Naybres or Gyes, is dubbious. Master Gollop, too, is jest gon By on one of his Ant's Shuters, with a bunch of exploded Squibs gone off in his Trowsirs. It makes Mrs. G. and Me tremble like axle trees, for our Hone nevvies While we ware at the open winder they sliped out. With sich Broils in the Street who nose what Scraps they may git into. Mister J. is gone off with his Muskitry to militate agin the mobb; and I fear without any Sand Witches in his Cartrich Box. Mrs. Griggs is in the sam state of singularity as meself. Onely think, Mrs. H. of two Loan Wiming looken Down on such a Heifervesence, and as Hignorant as the Unbiggotted Babe of the state of our Husbandry! to had to our convexity, the Botcher has not Bean. No more has the Backer and we shold here Nothing if Mr. Higgins hadn't

hollowed up Fore Storys. What news he brakes! The wicked Wigsby as refused to Reed the Riot Ax, and the Town Clark is no Schollard! Isn't that a bad Herring!

O Mrs. Humphris! It is unpossible to throe ones hies from one end of Stock Poggis to the other, without Grate Pane. Nothing is seen but Wivs asking for Huzbinds — nothing is heard but childerin looking for Farthers. Mr. Hatband the Undertacker as jist bean squibed and obligated for safeness to inter his own Hows. Mr. Higgins blames the unflexable Stubbleness of the Mare, and says a little timely concussion on Hearth wood hav prevented the Regoolator bein scarified by a Squib and runnin agin the Rockit, or that it could unshatter Pore Master Gallop, or squentch. Wider Welshis rix of Haze witch is now Flamming and smocking in two volumes. The ingins as been, but could not play for want of Pips, witch is too often the Case with Parrish inginuity. Wile affares are in this friteful posturs, thank Haven I have one grate comfit. Mr. J. is cum back on his legs from Twelve to won tired in the extreams with Being a Standing Army, and his Uniformity spatterdashed all over. He says his hone saving was only thro' leaving His retrenchments.

Pore Mr. Griggs has come in after his Wif in a state of grate exaggeration. He says the Boys have maid a Bone Fire of his garden fence, and Pales upon Pales can't put it out. Severil Shells of a bombastic natur as been picked up in his Back Yard and the old Cro's nest as been Perpetrated rite thro by a Rockit. We hav sent out the Deaf Shopman to hear what he can, and he says there is so Manny Crackers going he don't no witch report to Belive, but the Fishmongerers has cotched, and with all his stock compleately Guttid. The Brazers next door is lickwise in Hashes, — but it is hopped he has assurance enough to cover him All over. — They say nothing can save the Dwellins adjourning. O Mrs. H. how greatful ought J. and I to bee that our hone Premiss and Proppaty is next to nothing! The effex of the lit on Bildings is marvulous. The turrit of St. Magnum Bonum is quit clear and you can tell wat Time it is by the Clock verry planely only it stands!

The noise is enough to drive one deleterious! Too Specious Connestabbles is persewing littel Tidmash down the Hi Street, and sho grate fermness, but I tremble for the Pelisse. Peple drops in with New News every Momentum. Sum say All is Lost —

and the Town Criar is missin. Mrs. Griggs is quite retched at herein five littel Boys is throwd off a spirituous Cob among the Catherend Weals. But I hope it wants cobbobboration. Another Yuth its sed has had his hies Blasted by sum blowd Gun Powder. You Mrs. H. are Patrimonial, and may supose how these flying rummers Upsetts a Mothers Sperrits.

O Mrs. Humphris! how I envy you that is not tossing on the ragging bellows of these Flatulent Times, but living under a Mild Dispotic Govinment in such sequestrated spots as Lonnon and Paddington. May you never go through such transubstantiation as I have been riting in! Things that stood for Sentries as bean removed in a Minuet — and the very effigies of wat was venerabblest is now burning in Bone Fires. The Worshipfull chair is empty. The Mare as gone off clandestinely with a pare of Hossis, and with out his diner. They say he complains that his Corperation did not stik to him, as it shod have dun, but went over to the other side. Pore Sole — in sich a case I don't wunder he lost his Stummich. Yisterday he was at the Summit of Pour. Them that hours ago were enjoying parrish officiousness as been turned out of their Dignitis!

Mr. Barber says in futer all the Perukial authorities will be Wigs.

Pray let me no wat his Magisty and the Prim Minestir think of Stock Poggis's, and constitution beleeve me conclusively my deer Mrs. Humphris most frendly and trully BRIDGET JONES.

A DAY IN THE ACADEMY.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

EARLY. Very early. No one there. Up the steps into the hall. Not a soul. No one to take the money. Perhaps they've abolished payments. Good, that. So gloomy! I'm quite depressed. See a policeman. He reminds me that — of course — how idiotic! — the Royal Academy has gone to Picadilly; and here I am in the old Trafalgar Square place.

HAPPY THOUGHT. — Take a cab to the New Academy.

Ah, nice new place! Inscription over the entrance all on one side. Leave my stick, and take a catalogue. Hate a catalogue! Why can't they put the names on the pictures, and charge extra for entrance? I know that there used to be a north and a south and an east and a west room in the old place.

HAPPY THOUGHT. — Make a plan for seeing the rooms in order. Go back and buy a pencil. I'll begin with the north, then to the east, then to the west, and so on.

The catalogue, on reference to it, is, I find, divided into galleries, all numbered.

HAPPY THOUGHT. — Take Number One first, and so on in order. Where *is* Number One? I find myself opposite 214. I won't look to see what it is, as I want to begin with Number One. This, I ascertain by the catalogue, is Gallery No. IV., and the picture is *Landing Herrings*. By C. Taylor. Go into another gallery. 336. *The Nursling Donkey*. A. Hughes. Oh! this is Gallery No. VI. Retrace my steps to another. Let me see: think I've been here before. Have I seen that picture? What I want is Number One. What number is that? Oh, 214. *Landing Herrings* again, of course. To another room. Now, then. Old men talking. Can't help stopping before this picture, though I want to go on to Number One. This is 137. *Politicians*. T. Webster, R.A. Capital! But *this* is Gallery No. III. People are crowding in now. Nuisance. Wedged in. Beg pardon. Somebody's elbowing my back. Big lady stops the way. Beg pardon. Thanks. Squeeze by.

In another room. I hope Number One this time. 429. *Soonabharr.* J. Griffiths. Gallery No. VII. Bother Soonabharr! Try back again.

Beg pardon several times for toes and elbows. No one begs *my* pardon. Irritating place the Royal Academy, when you can't get a settled place. Where *is* Number One? Beg pardon, bow, bend, toes, elbows, push, squeeze, and I'm in another room. Hot work.

HAPPY THOUGHT. — Watch old lady in chair. When she goes, I will sit down. Getting a seat is quite a game, like Puss-in-the-Corner. She *does* go at last, and though elbowed, hit, trodden upon, backed, and pushed, I've never moved. I sit. Now, then, to take it coolly. Where am I? What's that just opposite? Have I seen it before? 214. *Landing Herrings.* C. Taylor. Gallery No. IV. That's the third time I've seen the picture.

HAPPY THOUGHT. — To look out in catalogue for what *is* Number One. Number One is *Topsy, Wasp, Sailor, and Master Turvey, protégés of James Farrar, Esq., of Ingleborough.* A. D. Cooper. Wonder what that means? He might have called it Topsy, Wopsy, & Co. Funny that. As I am being funny all to myself, I see two ladies whom I know, — Miss Millar and her mamma.

HAPPY THOUGHT. — Offer mamma a seat, and walk with Miss Millar. Opportunity for artistic conversation. Clever girl, Miss Millar, and pretty. "Do I like pictures?" Yes, I do, I answer, with a reservation of "Some — not all." — "Have I been here before?" I've not. Pause. Say, "It's very warm, though." (Why "though"? Consider this). Miss Millar, looking at a picture, wants to know, "Whose that is?" I say, off-hand (one really ought to know an artist's style without referring to the catalogue), "Millais." I add, "I think." I refer to catalogue. It isn't. We both say, "Very like him, though."

Miss Millar observes there are some pretty faces on the walls.

HAPPY THOUGHT. — To say, "Not so pretty as those off it." I don't say this at once, because it doesn't appear to me at the moment well arranged as a compliment; and, as it would sound flat a few minutes afterwards, I don't say it at all. Stupid of me! Reserve it. It will come in again for somebody else, or for when Miss Millar gives me another opportunity.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY. — The opportunity, I think. "Don't I admire that?" — "Not so much as" — If

I say, "as you," it's too coarse, and, in fact, not wrapped up enough. She asks, "As what?" I refer to catalogue, and reply, at a venture, "As Storey's *Sister*." Miss Millar wants to know who she is. I explain, — a picture of "*Sister*," by G. A. Storey.

We are opposite 428, *Sighing his Soul into his Lady's Face.* Calderon. We both say, "Beautiful!" I say, "How delightful to pass a day like that!" Miss Millar thinks, with a laugh, that it's rather *too* spooney. (Don't like "spooney" to be used by a girl.) "Spooney!" I say.

HAPPY THOUGHT. — Opportunity for quoting a poetical description out of Typical Developments, just to see how it goes. If it doesn't go with Miss Millar, cut it out, or publisher won't jump. I say, "See this lovely glade, this sloping bank, the trees drooping o'er the stream, which on its bosom carries these two lovers, who know no more of their future than does the drifting stream on which they float." She observes, "That is really a poetic description. Do you like rowing?" — "Yes, I do, and" —

HAPPY THOUGHT. — Wouldn't it be nice to have a picnic up the river? Miss Millar says, "Oh, do!" She knows some girls who will go. I reply I know

some men who will be delighted; only she (Miss Millar) must let me chaperone her for the day. (This with an arch look: rather telling, I think; couldn't have done it before I was married. Being married, of course there's no harm in it.) "Oh, yes!" she replies, "of course." Wonder if she means what she is saying. I ask, "What day?" and take out my notebook. I say gently, I shall look forward to"— Before I can finish, I am suddenly aware of two girls and a boy (from fourteen downwards), very provincially dressed, rushing at me with beaming faces; and the taller of the girls, crying out (the three positively *shout* — the uncouth wretches!) "O Brother Wiggy!" (they *all* say this) seizes me round the neck, jumps at me, and kisses me. The lesser one follows. Same performance. I can't keep them off. They are my wife's youngest sisters and little brother, just from school, whom I used at one time foolishly to encourage. Friddy told them about my song of the little pig; and they always (as a matter of endearment) call me, "Brother Wiggy." I shall write to my wife, or tell her, when I get home, that her family must really be kept quiet. I can't stand it. I smile, and look pleased (every one is turning to observe me, except Miss Millar, who pretends to be absorbed

in a picture), and say, "Ah, Betty! Ah, Polly! How dy'e do? When did you come up?"

HAPPY THOUGHT. — When are you going back again? Give them half a crown to go to the refreshment-room, and eat buns and ices. They go. Miss Millar has found her mamma, and gone into another room. Hang those little Sympersons! Somebody treads on my toes. I will *not* beg his pardon: I am *very* angry. Somebody nearly knocks my hat off, pointing out a picture to a friend. He doesn't beg my pardon. Rude people come to the Academy. I'll be rude. I'll hit some one in the ribs when I want to change my position. I'll tread on toes, and say nothing about it. Very tall people oughtn't to be allowed in the Academy.

HAPPY THOUGHT. — Walk between tall person and pictures; must be rude at the Academy, or one will never see any pictures at all — at least, close to.

A hit, really a blow, in my side. I turn savagely. "Confound it, sir" —

It's that donkey Milburd, who introduces a tall young friend as Mr. Dilbury. "What picture do you particularly want to see?" asks Milburd. I tell him Number One. Dilbury will show me.

"But first," says Dilbury, taking me by the arm,

"Here's rather a good bit of color." He is evidently a critic, and walks me up in front of a picture.

"There!" says Dilbury.

I refer to catalogue. Oh, of course —

214. *Landing Herrings.* C. Taylor. For the fifth time. I tell him I know it, and so we pass on.

Dilbury takes me to see *Eagles attacked.* By Sir Edwin Landseer. We stand opposite the picture in front of several people: we are silent. Dilbury says presently, "Fine picture that!" I agree with Dilbury. Wonder where Sir Edwin was when he saw it. I don't see how he could have imagined it, because, from what one knows of eagles and swans, it is about the last thing I should have thought of. Perhaps it occurred to him as a *Happy Thought.* But what suggested it? I put it to Dilbury.

"The Serpentine, perhaps," Dilbury thinks, adding afterwards, "and a walk in the Zoo."

Dilbury tells me that that is how subjects suggest themselves to *him.* From which I gather that Dilbury is an artist. I don't like to ask him, "Do you paint?" as he may be some very well-known painter.

He says, "I'll show you a little thing I think you'll like. He takes me by the elbow, and, evidently

knowing the Academy by heart, bumps, shoves, and pushes me at a sharp pace through the crowd. Dilbury has an awkward way of stopping one suddenly in a sharp walk to draw one's attention to something or somebody that has attracted him, — generally, a pretty face.

"I say," says he, after two bumps and a shove have brought us just into the doorway of Gallery No. III., "there's a deused pretty girl, eh?"

Before I have time to note which girl he means, he is off again with me by the elbow. Bump to the right, shove to the left, over somebody's toes, and through a knot of people into Gallery IV. Stop suddenly. Hey what? "There's a rum old bird," says Dilbury, winking slily: "in Eastern dress he'd make a first-rate model for my new picture: sacred subject, *Methusaleh coming of Age in the Olden Time.* Wonder if he'd sit."

HAPPY THOUGHT. — To say jestingly, "I wish I could," meaning sit down, *now.*

Dilbury is rejoiced. Would I sit to him? He is giving his mind to sacred subjects, and is going to bring out *Balaam and Balak.* Would I give him a sitting, say, for Balak? Milburd has promised him one for Balaam, unless I'd like to take Balaam. (As

he pronounces this name Baa-lamb, I don't at first catch his meaning.) I promise to think of it. He gives me his address.

HAPPY THOUGHT. — Have my portrait taken. Not as Balaam — as myself. Settle it with Dilbury. He'll paint it this year, and exhibit it next. Milburd, who happens to come upon us at this moment, suggests showing it at a shilling a head in Bond Street, as a sensation picture.

"I'll be with him," says Milburd, "as Balaam (you've promised me that), and he shall be the" —

I know what he is going to say, and move off with Dilbury before he's finished. Milburd *will* talk so loud! He's so vain, too! does it all for applause from strangers. I saw some persons laughing about Balaam. Hope the little Sympersons have gone. As we are squeezing through the door, we come upon Mrs. and Miss Millar again. Meeting for the third time, I don't know what to do.

HAPPY THOUGHT. — Safest thing to smile, and take off my hat. Miss Millar acknowledges it gravely. Pity people can't be hearty. She might have twinkled up and nodded.

Dilbury points out a picture to me. A large one. "Yours?" I ask.

HAPPY THOUGHT. — To make sure of this before I say any thing about it. He nods, yes, and looks about to see whether any one is listening. I suppose he expects, that, if it got about that he was here, he'd be seized and carried in procession round the galleries, on the shoulders of exulting multitudes. However, there is no one near the picture ("which," he complains, "is very badly hung"), and, consequently, no demonstration.

"Good subject, eh?" he asks me. "Yes, very," I answer, wishing I'd asked him first what it was, or had referred to the catalogue. It is classical, evidently; that is, judging from the costume, what there is of it. I try to find out quietly in the catalogue.

Dilbury says, "You see what it is, of course?" "Well — I — I — I in fact, don't" — that is, not quite.

"Well, he replies, in a tone implying that I am sure to recognize it when I hear it, "it's *Prometheus instituting the Lampadephoria*." To which I say, "Oh, yes, of course! *Prometheus vinctus*," and look at the number to see how he spells it. I compliment him. Very fine effect of light and shade. In fact, it's *all* light and shade, representing a lot of Corinthians (he says it's in Corinth) running about with red torches. Dilbury points out to me the beauties

of the picture. He says it wants a week's study. He informs me that it was taken on the spot, and that his models were "the genuine thing."

HAPPY THOUGHT. — To say, "I could stop and look at this for an age," then take out my watch.

"You can come back again to it," observes Dilbury, seizing my elbow again.

Meet Mrs. and Miss Millar again. Awkward. Don't know whether to bow, or smile, or nod, or what, this time. I say, as we pass, "Not gone yet?" I don't think she likes it. I didn't say it as I should like to have said it, if I had the opportunity over again. I dare say it sounded rude.

Dilbury stops me suddenly with, "Pretty face that, eh?" and looks back at Miss Millar. Whereupon, I rejoin, "Hush! I know them." Dilbury immediately wishes to be introduced. I will, as an Academician, and his picture too. We go back after them. We struggle towards them: we are all jammed up in a crowd together. I hear something crack. I become aware of treading on somebody's dress. It is Miss Millar's. I beg her pardon. "I hope I"—

HAPPY THOUGHT. — "We met: 'twas in a crowd." Old song. I say this so as to give a pleasant turn to the apology and the introduction. I don't think

Miss Millar is a good-tempered girl. Somebody is nudging me in the back, and somebody else is wedging me in on either side. As she is almost swept away from me by one current, and I from her by another, I say hurriedly, "Miss Millar, let me introduce my friend, Mr. Dilbury, an Academician." She tries to stop. I turn and lay hold of some one who ought to be Dilbury, in order to bring him forward. It isn't Dilbury at all, but some one else, — a perfect stranger, who is very angry, and wants to kick or hit — I don't know which (but he can't, on account of the crowd), and I am carried on, begging Miss Millar's pardon, and his pardon, and remonstrating with a stout, bald-headed man in front, who *will* get in the way.

HAPPY THOUGHT. — Get out of this as quickly as possible.

Getting out again. Lost my catalogue. Meet Milburd. I ask him what's that picture, alluding to one with a lot of people in scant drapery in an Oriental apartment. He replies, "Portraits of Members of the Garrick Club taking a Turkish Bath." It is Number 277. It simply *can't* be. Besides, there are ladies present. Milburd pretends to be annoyed, and says I needn't believe it unless I like.

Must go to Willis's: see about sleeping to-night, luggage, dinner, and a lot of things.

HAPPY THOUGHT. — Have my hair cut. Have an ice first. Leave the Academy.

MRS. BROWN AT THE PLAY.

BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

IT is a good many years ago now when me and Brown was a-livin' in the Commercial Road, leastways Condick Street, as is a turnin' off it; and a 'appy 'ome I 'ad, as I never wanted to leave. And if any one 'ad sed to me, "Mrs. Brown, mum, you're a-goin' out," that evenin' as I did go to the play, why, I should 'ave took and smiled derisive; for I'm one as loves my 'ome thro' a-takin' a pride in it; and any one might eat off the boards thro' bein' a little pallis all over, as the sayin' is.

And if ever I did want to stop at 'ome, it were that partikler evenin', thro' 'avin' a little bit of ironin' as I wanted for to conker, as it didn't seem as tho' I never should, thro' 'avin' 'ad 'em damped down in a little brown pan over three days; and was

a-sayin' to myself as them things must be ironed up afore Brown comes in, or miljews is the consequence, thro' bein' cuffs and collars as was worn large that time. And I'm one of them as can't abear no dabwashes about the place: so in course, as a good wife's dooty is, I never thinks of such a thing; and 'ad jest been and unrolled 'em with the irons down, when in who should come but Brown 'isself.

"Law!" I says, "Brown, what a turn you give me! Why, wotever wind's blowed you 'ome," full a 'our before 'is reg'lar time, as did used to be the closin' of the Docks.

He says, "No wind at all, old gal, but am come 'ome for you, as we're agoin' out on a reg'lar spree."

I says, "Mr. Brown, I'd thank you for to recollect as you're a-talkin' to a lady, and one as do not 'old with them low-lived sprees, thro' bein' brought up serous;" and kep' on with my ironin'.

"Oh!" he says, "it's all right, old gal: we're only agoin' to the play."

I says, "No, I thank you, Brown, none of your plays for me." For, bless you! I 'adn't been at a play since a mere gal, as a aunt of mine took. And

werry lovely it certingly were ; for a dark-colored forriner set crossed-legged like a tailor, with a turbot on 'is 'ead, a-shyin' cheyney orringes round it afore a lookin'-glass, as were called Rammer Sammy ; and a lady as were all blue and spangles, she rolled a gold cat's-meat barrer up a rope full of fireworks as went off with a bang at the end ; and I remember as they did say as they were a Italian royal family. And a beautiful play it were — not as I knows who 'rote it, as in course don't signify, thro' bein' most likely French, as is the only ones as can write plays.

"Oh!" says Brown, "you'd better come ; for it'll be a reg'lar treat, and I've got a horder." And he pulls out of 'is wenscot pocket a little bit of a yaller ticket.

So I says, "In my opinion, at your time of life, Mr. Brown, you might be a-spendin' of your money over somethink better than horders for plays."

"Law," he says, "I ain't spent no money over it ; but the party where I buys my 'baccy, close ag'in the Commercial Road, as puts out the bills for the playhactors, he give it me gracious free for nothink."

"Well, then," I says, "'owever's `them poor playhactors to get a bit of bread, if every one goes in for nothink?"

"Oh!" says Brown, "they're used to it; besides, it keeps them in practice."

"Well," I says, "I don't think as I cares much about it, thank you all the same;" and keeps on with my ironin'.

"Well," he says, "you needn't go if you don't like; only I can tell you as I could easy find thousands as would jump at it."

I says, "No, Brown," and looks at 'im steady. "I am your lawful wife, and where you leads is my duty to foller; and my duty I'll do, if I drops at it; for I do not 'old with you agoin' out like promiscous."

He says, "Right you are for to come, as'll be a reg'lar treat; for it's for the Queen Wictoria's werry own theayter."

I says, "Whyever didn't you tell me that afore, as makes all the difference? For, in course, if it's good enuf for 'er, it's good enuf for me, as am not agoin' to look down upon any think as belongs to Queen Wictoria."

"Well," says Brown, "if you're agoin', go, and look slippy, and toss on your rags."

I says, "Mr. Brown, if that's your low-lived ways a-talkin' about a lady's twilight, as is a thing you did

ought to respect, none of your plays for me;" and I keeps on a-ironin'.

"Oh, bother!" says Brown, "I can't keep on a-arglin' the pint with you; for I must give myself a bit of a rense in the back-washus, and'll brew the tea while you're a-dressin';" and were thro' the washus door like a whirlwind, as is jest like 'is erratable temperature.

Well, when he were gone, I says to myself, "It's a poor 'art as never rejoices;" and pre'aps if it's 'is wish, I did ought for to go. So I rolls up that bit of ironin', and goes up stairs for to tidy myself up a bit; for, I says, if I am agoin' out with 'im, he sha'n't be ashamed of me, as will dress myself that helegant, as is a wife's duty, in my opinion, agoin' out along with a 'usband. And tho' not a woman give to dress, am one as, when dressed, tho' I says it as didn't ought to, looks noble, thro' bein' one of them fine full figgers as shows off what you wears.

I certingly did dress myself lovely that arternoon, thro' a-puttin' on a lovely gownd as I'd 'ad by me for years, — a Norwich crape with a satin front, as one time was werry much wore, and were one of my dear mother's, but made to fasten in front, the same as

they wears 'em now; but, thro' bein' short in the waist, required a good deal of pins and coaxing for to make it set proper to the figger, but, with a broad watered waist-ribbin and a steel buckle, looked werry becomin', I do assure you.

It certingly might 'ave been a little fuller in the skirts, not as I could espect it not to be a little scanty, thro' 'avin' took out a breadth for to make a new back; for match it all over London, I couldn't, were it ever so.

Then I put on a lovely shawl as I've got, as looked werry beautiful, thro' bein' a Chinee crape, as I know'd were real Chinee, thro' bein' brought me from them parts by my own godfather, as were in the seafarin' perswashun, and met a watery grave off the coast of Bumbay, so in course never looks at it without a feelin' of melancholy a-thinkin' on 'im, poor feller! and never wears escept when agoin' out pleasurin' somewheres partickler.

And then I put on my bonnet, as were a lovely Leghorn as belonged to a lady where I did used to live, as I've 'ad by me for years, and were the hight of fashion, tho' large in the crown, as makes it roomy for the 'cad, and cooler; and lined and trimmed with a dark green, as is werry becomin,' thro' me

bein' a fair complexion, with my 'air kep' steady thro' a welwet band twice round my 'ead, and a brooch on the forehead as looked noble, with a bunch of red on one side, and blue on the other, for a bonnet-cap, as set one another off.

Then I put on a bit of a frill for to finish off my Chinee crape, with a string of carnelian beads and a gilt clasp, 'cos I always thinks as a little jewelry does light you up so.

And then I put on a pair of new pruneller boots. Oh, them boots! afore the night were out, my suffrages along of them boots is more than 'uman tungs can think on. Not as I've got a large foot, but quite different, tho' one of them feet as is 'ard for fit, thro' bein' between the sizes, and requirin' a deal of room in the tread. Thro' the sowin' a-ketchin' me across the jinte, where the pruneller jines on the patten-leather, I was in hagonies all that night long.

Wherever that young man at the shoe-shop can 'ope to go to as perswaded me to 'ave 'em, a-saying as side-springs was easy wearin', I can't think; for they was a-clutchin' me round the ancles like wices all night, and seemed to be a-forcin' all my blood into my heyeballs.

I shouldn't 'ave wore them boots, but for Brown,

for my 'art misgive me when I slipped 'em on ; but he was agoin' on like tigers at the foot of the stairs, a-sayin' as the tea were drawed to death, and we should be late, as throwed me into that fluster as I 'adn't 'ardly time for to get my umbreller and redicule, with a pair of beaver gloves, as is things I never goes out without, thro' a-likin' to look the lady from top to toe, as the sayin' is ; and 'urries down stairs, a-forgettin' all about them soles of them boots bein' that slippy, and never stopped to scratch 'em, nor nothink proper, and come with a run from the top of the stairs to the bottom, pitched on to the door-mat like a earthquake, and busted into the parlor like thunder.

There set Brown as cool as a lettice, a-finishin' of 'is tea, readin' last week's paper, and dewourin' of water-creases in 'is shirt-sleeves, and took no more notice of me than if a dog 'ad fell in the place.

So I says, "Well," I says, "Mr. Brown, if I was a gentleman, and a lady was to pitch into a room where I were a-settin', if I didn't come to pick 'er up, I should say, 'Did you 'urt yourself?' or somethink, and not set there a-readin' of them rubbishy old papers, as I'm sure you gets no good out on ;" for he always were given to them papers a deal too

much in my opinion, as 'ave frightful things in 'em; for it ain't many months ago as he read out of one on 'em to me, as there were a bishop as didn't believe in Noah's ark.

Then I says, "More shame for 'im! as only shows 'is hignorance;" for I knows that's true, tho' 'avin' one myself when quite a child; and nicely I caught it for my little brother a-swallerin' the black-beedle, as were as broad across the back as the helefant, tho' no fault of mine, and pretty nigh the death of 'im.

Well, Brown he look up from 'is paper, and says, "What, are you there? Why, halloo! wot a swell you are! any one would think as we'd been married this mornin'."

I says, "Mr. Brown, I'd thank you not to take no liberties, 'cos I don't 'old with no free ways," as Brown is apt to give in to.

He says, "All right, old gal: take your tea, and ave' a crease, as'll cool you."

I says, "No, thank you, none of your creases for me: wegetables is all werry well in their way, but don't suit me along with tea;" and I set there a-sippin' my tea as seemed to go in me like.

So I puts down the cup, and says I to Brown, a-lookin' at 'im steady, "If I'm to go out this night,

as is quite immaterul to me," I says, "I must 'ave the least as is, if only a thimbleful atop of this tea to prewent it's a-ranklin' in my constitution."

He says, "All right, old gal, I knows your little game;" and pulls out of is' coat-pocket, as were 'angin' behind 'is chair, a little flat bottle as he'd been and got filled with the best Jamaica, as is a thing I can take, tho' werry few things as ever I do; and, when I'd 'ad three cups with just a dash in 'em, I says, "Brown, I'm agreeable."

He says, "All right, let's start: we can lock the door, and leave the key with the neighbors."

I says, "Mr. Brown, I'm not agoin' to be treated like a siphon in my own 'ouse, and not 'agoin' to stoop to them neighbors on the right, and I considers a stuck-up objec'; and as to the left, 'er langwidge in licker is enuf to make the' uman 'air tie up in knots. I takes that key, or I don't go."

"Oh!" says he, "bother the key! 'ang it round your neck, for all I cares."

That's Brown all over, that is: open your mouth, and he's down your throat.

So I puts the key in my redicule, and off we sets; and of all the 'eat as ever I felt, it were jest like a-breathin' a red-'ot oven. And when we gets to the

corner of our street, as is the Catherine Wheel, a werry respectable 'ouse, I says, "Brown," I says, "this little flat bottle," for I'd got it in my redicule, "feels a deal lighter than wot I like it to feel when we're agoin' out for the 'ole evenin', as there's no tellin' wot may 'appen."

He says, "Come on, then; let's 'ave it filled up." And into the Catherine Wheel we goes, as Mrs. Parker as keeps it in 'er widders weeds at the bar says the moment she sees me, "Mrs. Brown, mum, you looks flustered, and did ought to 'ave the least as is."

"Well," I says, "I do feel werry all-overish thro' bein' put out and 'urried in my tea: so, pre'aps, it is my dooty to." And the drop as I took seemed to do me good; and I says, "I'll trouble you, Mrs. Parker, for 'arf one of 'em pork-pies, and three of them 'art cakes," as were under a glass case at the bar; for, I says, "I feel as I may require refreshments afore the night is out."

She says, "Right you are in 'avin' them refreshments; for," she says, "I've knowed parties as 'ave brought on serous illnesses, and took to their beds for months, thro' a-settin' so long in them public places on their empty stomicks." So I puts the things in my redicule, and off we started.

But, law bless you! there ain't no pleasure in goin' out along with Brown, as is, for all the world, like goin' out along with a child, as will keep a-walkin' on ahead of you, a-shufflin' of 'is feet, and 'olerin,' "Come on," over 'is shoulder.

If there is any think as do aggrawate me in this world, it's to be told to come on when I'm adoin' my uttermost to: so I 'ollers arter 'im, "Brown!"

He says, "What are you a-'owlin' at?"

I says, "I ain't a-'owlin', Mr. Brown; but I'm a-graspin' for breath, for you're a-stranglin' me with your dust, as I've been and swallered cart loads-on."

Well, he pulls up at them words, and says, "Then the best thing as you can take is a little shandy-gaff for to wash it down," and a werry nice drink too, bein' ginger-beer with a little somethink in it for to correct the ginger.

Arter that, we got on pretty well, till we was in the middle of Tower 'Ill, where I fust began to feel my feet; for there came a pain thro' my right boot like a flash of lightnin'.

So I says, "Brown, wherever are we agoin' to?"

He says, "Over the water to Charley."

I says, "Then I 'opes as Charley ain't fur over the water, or he won't see much of me to-night."

He only says, "Come on," 'uffy like.

I were a-'obblin' all along Tems Street; and at last I stops and says, "Brown, I must rest; for I'm a-droppin', and as 'ot as a cook."

Then he says, "The best thing as you can take will be 'arf a pint of mild ale with jest a dash of sperrits in it, for fear as the cold should strike to you suddin."

I do think as that drop of ale saved my life, that I do.

Arter that, we got on pretty well to the middle of a bridge, when Brown he says to me, "You're all right now, old gal; for here's the river, and here's the bridge."

I says, "Wotever river is it, for goodness' sake?"

"Oh," says he, "Blackfriars, in course."

I says, "Oh, indeed!" for I goes so seldom to the West End as I don't know much about them fashionable parts.

But when we'd got over that bridge into what they calls the Blackfriars Road, I never did! They may well call it friars; for of all the 'eat! I were pretty nigh cooked; for the sun were a-settin' in the small of my back all down that road.

At last I gets to a post as I puts my back ag'in

firm; and I says, "Brown, if I were a' are 'unted by the 'ounds, I couldn't go a step furder without that nutriment as is necessary for me."

That stops 'im short; and he turns round, and says, "I tell you what it is, old gal, if you goes on like this, I'm blessed if you won't be tight."

I says, "Mr. Brown, 'ow you can bring your mind to say them insultin' things to a lady, I can't think, as 'ave only took sips to your drafts."

He only give a increjulous whistle like, and shoves open the door of a ma'oganny wine waults, and in we goes.

There was a werry nice young lady a-standin' there at the bar, as no sooner set eyes on me than she says, "Oh, mum! do step in the back-parlor, and set yourself to-rights a bit; for you are that awful blowed about as never was."

It's well as I did step into that parlor; for of all the figgers as ever I see, there never wasn't one like me, with my bonnet 'arf off my head, and my black welwet had slipped, and all my 'air gone into the crown of my bonnet, as there wasn't a westment on it wisible, with my bonnet-cap all of a bunch under my chin, and my shawl, and my frill all over my left shoulder.

However Brown could let me walk such a figger without a-tellin' me, I can't think; but that's the wust of Brown: he's one of them 'usban's as don't take no proper pride in their wives.

When I'd set myself to rights a bit, I comes out ag'in; and that young lady says, "Ah, mum! now you're somethink like, and, if you was my ma, I know wot I'd make you 'ave this very instant."

I says, "Wotever's that, my dear?"

"Well," she says, "the least as is, in a little cold water, for to refresh you."

I says, "It is not my 'abits for to take them sperritual things, but pre'aps a duty thro' bein' that fainty; but," I says, "wotever you do, my dear, deal gentle with the water, for, if there is a thing as I'm afraid on in this world, it's water."

Well, that little drop seemed for to pick me up like, as the sayin' is; and off we started when Brown 'ad took 'is glass of ale, but 'adn't gone fur, when my feet begun to tune up ag'in, and my right 'and boot were a ragin' maniac for pain.

So I says, "Brown, if this 'ere theayter of yourn is much furder, I'd rather set 'ere on the kerb-stone, and wait for you to come back, if it was all night long."

"Why," he says, "it's only jest round the corner, as is the fust turnin' to the right."

So on we went, me a-'obblin' thro' a lot of brokers' shops, and pickled eels, and all other sorts of wegetables, as was esposed for sale, as the sayin' is, along with whelks, as is things I don't 'old with; till Brown says, "There you are, old gal: that's Queen Wictoria's werry own theayter oppersite."

I says, "Oh, indeed! Well, then," I says, "if I was Queen Wictoria, give me a better; for I considers it rayther a ramshackle place for a queen to go to constant."

"Oh," says Brown, "you're always a-growlin'. The outside of a theayter ain't nothink: it's the inside as is that awful grand: so come on."

We crosses that road, and goes into the entrance to that theayter, as were for all the world like a passage agoin' into a cellar, with a gaslight a-flarin' out, for all the world like a butcher's shop of a Saturday night, as bulged out that sudden, jest as I were a-passin' it, and scorched my 'air all up into lumps, and it's a mussy as I were not reduced to a fiery grave, as the sayin' is.

When we got to the end of that passage, as were a door, there were a werry nice old gentleman

a-standin' there, a fatherly old man, as was a-eatin' of pennywinkles out of 'is pocket-'ankercher, as no sooner set eyes on me than he says, "Escuse me, mum, but you looks fatigued, and, if you'll take and rest your back ag'in the wall, you'll find as it will rest you wonderful."

It were good adwice as he give me, and well meant, no doubt; but I shall never, in this world, get the green paint and whitewash out of my Chinee crape shawl, 'as 'ave reg'lar spilte it."

I don't think as ever I did, and 'opes I never ag'in shall, feel so dreadful knocked up, and should 'ave give way altogether, if I 'adn't kep' a-leanin' all my weight on my umbreller for to support myself, when that old gent with the winkles says, arter a bit, "Escuse me, mum; but, if it don't make no difference to you, would you mind a-takin' of your umbreller off my foot for a bit, as is my tender pint?"

I says, "With pleasure, sir; and 'opes as you'll escuse me thro' 'avin' of a dreadful sinkin' come on."

Well, jest then I looks round; and if there weren't Brown a-drinkin' out of the bottle! So I says, "Brown," I says, "wotever you do, don't give in to them wulgar 'abits, but jest put your 'and into my

redicule, and you'll find at the bottom a little hegg-cup without a foot, as is a thing I never goes out without; for I can't abear to lift a bottle to my mouth, as looks so wulgar in a lady."

So he says, "All right, 'ave a drain," as I took jest for to keep the life in me, as the sayin' as.

Several parties 'ad come in meanwhile, as stood there a-waitin', partickler one boy as kep' on a-crackin' nuts, and starin' at me, and bustin' out a-larfin': in course I didn't take no notice, a-knowin' as boys will be boys, as always was noosances, and always will be, tho', if he'd been a boy of mine, I'd 'ave stopped them nuts, as was a deal more than was good for 'im.

Well, there we kep' on, a-waitin' and a-waitin', and parties a-comin' in: so I says, "Dear me, what a crowd!"

"Yes," says a lady, as 'ad come in with a babby in 'er arms: "it's a benefit."

"Well," I says, "it ain't much of a benefit for me; for parties is a-weighin' dreadful 'eavy on me, and a-makin' thoro'fares of my feet as is hagonies."

"Ah!" she says, "you ain't used to these places."

"No, mum," I says: "I am not."

"Ah!" she says, "I knowed that the moment I

set eyes on you, by the way as you're 'oldin' of your arms, as is 'ighly dangerous."

I says, "Wotever do you mean?"

She says, "Oh! you mustn't 'old 'em a-kimbo like that, when the rush comes, but straight down by your sides, or else you might be served like the lady were as lodged in the 'ouse along with me, agoin' to see Mazeppa at Ashley's three year last Whitsuntide, and 'ad both of 'ern broke short off."

I says to Brown, "'Owever could you bring me to sich a awful dangerous place?"

All he says was, "'Old your row, you old fool!"

In course that boy with the nuts, he bust out a-larfin' at them words, as were Brown's fault for incouragin' of 'is impidence: so I didn't take no notice, but kep' a-standin', fust on one foot, and then on the other, for to get a little ease.

Well, all the time parties kep' a-comin' in; and at last I says to the lady, "Why, it's quite a conquest of people! Wotever can it mean? — Do you think, mum," I says to the lady with the babby, "as Queen Wictoria is a-comin' 'ere to 'er own theayter to-night, as 'ave always 'eard as there's crowds for to see 'er wherever she goes?"

She said as she did not know, therefore could not

tell. But the old gentleman, — 'im with the winkles, — he says, a-turnin' round quite sharp, "Oh, bless you, no! she can't be here to-night; for don't you know as she dursn't come over the bridges without the leave of the Lord Mare? And she can't get that to-night, I can tell you; for to my certain knowledge he's gone to dine along with the Licensed Wittlars, as is annular custom."

"Oh!" I says, "indeed! I do not pretend for to understand politics, as ain't a woman's spear in my opinion, tho' others thinks different."

But, poor old gentleman, I see 'im a-'eavin'; and, thro' 'im a-anserin' me that suddin about Queen Wictoria a-comin', somethink 'ad been and gone the wrong way, as made 'im bust out, and guggle and splutter all over the place.

It give me sich a awful turn a-seein' 'im purple to the roots of 'is 'airs, and a-'oopin' like a hinfant in croup, 'cos I nat'rally thought as he'd been and swallered that crooked pin as he were a-eatin' of 'is winkles with, as it did not prove to be, but only them carryways as was aggrawatin' of 'is throat, as is as sharp as needles, as the sayin' is; but I do believe, if I 'adn't 'ad the presence of mind to keep a-punchin' 'im 'ard between the blade-bones with

the 'andle of my umbreller, he'd 'ave been a tangled copse at my feet.

It give me sich a shock a-seein' 'im suffer like that, that if I 'adn't 'ad the presence of mind to 'ave took the hegg-cup out of Brown's 'and, as were 'elpin' 'isself, I do believe as I must 'ave come out of the place; leastways that's if I could, for we was all wedged up frightful, and I couldn't 'ardly draw my breath.

Well, at last I were in that hagony with my feet, as I says to myself, "I must ease this 'ere right boot off if I dies for it." So I were a-workin' away to get it down at 'eel, when, all of a suddin, there was a splashy sort of a sound like drorin' of bolts; and I gets a shove from behind as sent me a-flyin', and I come with my chest with that fortitude ag'in a wooden bar as nearly knocked every bit of my breath out of my body.

I should 'ave been killed on the spot, I do believe, but for the perliceman as were a-standin' there, and puts 'is 'and on my shoulder, and says, "Duck!" Not as he meant any think rude nor free-like, but only for me to stoop my 'ead under that bar. But when I did stoop I weren't no better off; for two parties each side of me 'ad got 'old of my

Chinee crape shawl crossways, and were a-seesawin' of it across my throat that wiolent as strangled I thought I must be; and, in my contortions for to set myself free, my string of carnelian beads busted, and dribbled down my back with a sensation I sha'n't never forget.

Well, there I were, with my 'ead under that wooden bar, and parties a-drivin' away like mad behind; and Brown, as 'ad got in, he kep' a-'ollerin', "Come on!"

I says, "It's werry easy for to say, 'Come on;' but 'owever am I to?" as couldn't estricate myself from under that bar not nohow, till Brown he come up, and ketched 'old of my arm with a jerk that wiolent as made every 'ook and eye as I'd got about me give way with a crash, and pulled me thro'.

I says, "Brown, wherever is my boot?"

He says, "Blow your boot!" and, if it 'adn't been as that perliceman found it for me, I couldn't 'ave went a step furder; and as it were, get it up at 'eel I couldn't, was it ever so.

At last Brown says, "Come on, old timber-toes, do," and took and give me a shove through a door into a dark place, and says, "Set down with you, do."

I says, "Set down, indeed! wotever on?" for it

were that dark, I couldn't see nothink, till, thro' a-barkin' my shins a-fallin' over somethink, I found there was forms all over the place, and disgraceful forms too, with nails a-stickin' out, as 'ave made the back-breadth of my Norwich crape for all the world as if it 'ad been cut with a knife.

And, when I did come for to set down, I were that dreadful all-overish and fainty, as, if I 'adn't kep' on a-sippin' at the hegg-cup, I never could 'ave stopped in the place.

Well, arter a time, I was more myself like; and Brown, he'd made me go more forard for to set, and I begun a-lookin' round me; and I says to 'im, "If this is your theayter as were so grand inside, I don't think much on it, as is wot I calls a dingy 'ole."

That boy as 'ad been a-standin' at the door, a-crackin' them nuts, he was a-settin' just in front on me; and he turns round, and says, "Don't you tho'!" in a jeery sort of a tone, as I should 'ave give 'im a-settin' down for, thro' not a-'oldin' with boys a-makin' that free with their helders; but just then some gentlemen as was a-settin' close in front on us begun a-playin' the music beautiful.

It certingly were lovely music, as I doats on, partickler the wiolin, as I could set and listen to by the

'our together: I 'ave done so afore now, thro' little Tommy Roberts, as lived in our court, a-playin' of it entire by 'is ears, and did used to come and play to me a 'ole arternoon.

But wot I liked best in that music as them gents was a-playin' were the ornet. I never 'eard such ornet-playin', never; for the party as blowed it blowed that wiolent, a-turnin' that red, with his wains a-swellin', as I says to Brown, "Mark my words, he'll bust 'isself to bits; and, wots more, he'll blow us all out of the place."

I liked it all werry much, but the drum, as a bit of a boy 'd got 'old on, as were a deal too young to be trusted with a drum, as he 'it that 'ard as it went clean thro' my 'ead, and drownded every think.

But I certingly did like that music; and I says to Brown, "It's a pity there ain't a bit of dance, for I loves a dance."

That boy, he turns round, and says, "You're a beauty to dance, any'ow!"

My fingers did itch for to box that boy's ears, as I should have done, only just then they drawed up a big thing as were 'anging in front of us, and, oh! it were lovely to be sure. I never did! There was blue mountings over there, and in front on 'em a

river with a little bridge, and a cottage all a one side, with trees a-'angin' down, and lovely flowers all over the place.

"Law," I says, "Brown, ain't it lovely? 'Ow I should like to spend the day! for all the world like Eppin Forest the day we was married."

That boy, he turns round, and says, "Shet up, can't you?"

I'd 'ave given 'im a good prog in the back with my umbreller, only I see two parties a-coming over that little bridge, as I see 'ad somethink partickler to say as I wanted to listen to.

One on 'em were a 'aughty, stuck-up feller in a large cloak, with a feather in 'is 'at, and yeller boots, with spurs a-clinkin', as they always wears over there. So I see in a instant as he were some one partickler.

There come along with them a nasty smudged-faced character, with one of them dark canister looks in the heye, as I couldn't abear the moment I set eyes on 'im, and says to Brown, "Mark my words, he ain't no good."

Brown, he only says, "'Old your row!"

Well I says, "Thoughts is free, any'ow," but didn't say no more; for parties says, "'Ush!" and I wanted myself for to 'ear what them fellers 'ad got to say for themselves.

Well, the chap in the feathers, he up, and says, "All I possesses is mine: why should I not have that which I desires?"

The dirty face chap, he ups, and says, "My lord, you shall."

"Oh!" I says, "shall he?" for I couldn't not abear them two from the werry fust.

Then says the chap in the feathers, "Why does the 'aughty beauty so long despise my suits?"

The dirty face chap, he says, "Give me but gold, and I will bear 'er this night to your castle 'alls."

I was put out to 'ear 'im talk like that, so takes, and shakes my umbreller at 'im, and says, "You dare to lay a finger on 'er, you good-for-nothink, kidnappin' waggerbone!" as made Brown give me a wiolent nudge to be quiet.

But law! that chap with the feathers, he takes, and says, scowlin' like, "Slave, gold shall be thine, and more," and takes and chucks at 'im a puss as long as my arm; and the money as must 'ave been in that puss must 'ave been untold, if you might judge by the chink.

Well, that smudged-face waggerbone, he ketches that puss, as he takes and shoves in 'is bussim, and says, "Ah! she comes," a-whisperin' 'oarse-like.

And jest then the music played up; and out at that cottage-door come the loveliest young creetur as ever I set eyes on, — a reglar beauty: wax-works was fools to 'er.

Every one begun a-clappin' of their 'ands as she come forrard, a-makin' of 'er obedience quite pretty; and I says to Brown, "Well, she is a dear, and you can tell as she's from the country: look at 'er rosy cheeks," for I never did see any one look more rosyer.

Well, there she was a-standin' just over them musicianers, as couldn't play for lookin' at 'er, with 'er lovely 'air all in ringlets down 'er back, jest, for all the world, like a 'air-dresser's winder, and a book-muslin skirt that full, that it stuck out like a umbreller all round 'er.

I couldn't take my eyes off 'er, and says to Brown, "She is a love, to be sure; but," I says, "Brown!"

He says, "Oh, bother! What is it?"

"Why," I says, "she certingly is a dear creetur; but, in my opinion, 'er things is full short."

Brown, he says, "All the better."

I says, "Mr. Brown, you're a brute; but," I says, "all as I've got to say is, if she was a dorter of

mine, growed up like that, she shouldn't stand at the hedge of a pressy pitch of fiddlers, not with sich short things on as them. Wotever would you say if you see me a-standin' up there dressed like that?"

He only busts out a-larfin' that loud as made parties 'oller out, "'Ush!" and stare round at us, as is so rediculous of Brown, a-makin' of 'isself that conspicerous in a public place, where parties wishes for to be quiet, in course.

Well, them two waggerbones 'ad drawed theirselves back while that young gal sung a little song, a-wishin' she were a thing of hair. As I says, "Well, I'm sure she's got a plenty, if all 'er own," as made them as was near me snigger like; tho' some took my remark werry 'uffy, partickler a young woman with a sojer, as set next me, as tossed 'er 'ead every time as I opened my lips.

When she'd done a-singin', that young gal begun a-talkin' about 'er mounting 'ome; and that chap with the feathers comes up to 'er with a start like, and says, "'Aughty beauty, 'ow long will you disdain my suits? 'Ave I not gold? 'ave I not lands? will I not lay hall at your feet?"

But she up and spoke that proper, and says,

"No, my lord; never, my lord! Though poor and lowly, I am 'umble and innercent; and," she says, "I would rather," she says, "'ave innercency on the mounting top than wice in a walley."

I was so pleased to 'ear 'er talk like that, so proper, that I says to 'er, I says, "And right you are, my dear," as made some fools bust out a-larfin'.

But law bless you! that chap in the feathers, he wasn't to be put off with no words like them, but ketches 'old on 'er by the wristes, and I do believe were agoin' to be downright rude on the spot.

But she give a squall; and, as luck would 'ave it, there were a sea-farin' party a-comin' by, a reg'lar sailor in little white trousers and a shiny 'at, with a stick and a bundle jest like a sailor, as says, "Avast there! wot a lovely fieldmale in distress, and old Jack Marlin'spike, shiver my timbers."

Oh! I was so glad to see 'im, I could 'ave give 'im a kiss; and I says, "Oh, you old dear!"

But the chap in the feathers, he were ready for 'im, bless you; for he takes and whips off his cloak, and if he weren't stuck full of swords and daggers all round 'im!

It give me such a orful turn; for I can't abear the sight of them fire-arms, as is well known will go off like a gun when least espected.

So I says, "Brown," I says, "there'll be murder 'ere, I can see — the hegg-cup this hinstant, if you please."

"Oh! I'm glad as I took it; for, if I 'adn't, I never could 'ave set and see it; for them two got a-fightin' with the sailor like mad, till they knocks 'im down on one knee, tho' he wouldn't give in, with fire a-flashin' out of them swords, till he were reg'lar down; and then they was agoin' to massercree 'im on the spot, when that young gal got a couple of pistols somewheres, and come and 'eld 'em to their two good-for-nothink 'eads.

You should 'ave see 'ow them waggerbones was took aback, as went over that bridge a-gnashin' of their teeth like a couple of tigers debaulked of their cubs.

That young gal, she run away into the cottage, glad to get away from such company. But the sailor, he got up, and made 'isself werry agreeable, a-singin' and a-dancin' quite cheerful, — jest like a sailor all over.

Well, I do think as I must 'ave dropped off a bit, as some will; for, tho' the 'art is light, the heyes is 'eavy sometimes. But there wasn't no occashuns for Brown to ketch me like that sharp in the side

with 'is elber, as he did, and say, "Come, old snorer, if you're agoin' to sleep all night, you might as well be at 'ome."

I says, "Mr. Brown, I am not reg'lar asleep, tho' dosey, and wot you takes for snores is sobs; for I 'as a feelin' 'art, and can't 'elp a-frettin' about that young gal."

He says, "Oh, bother the young gal! she's all right. Here, you take the hegg-cup, as is about your size."

I'm thankful as I did take it; for I'm sure, if I 'adn't, I should 'ave screamed out, bein' that surprised a-lookin' up, and seein' all the place turned into a bed-room, — a good-sized room, I might say large, tho' not much furniture, with a little tent-bed, with check curtings to the winder, and a chest of drawers as looked desolate like; and there was that young gal as we'd see at fust, with a candle in 'er 'and, as she put down on the chest of drawers, and takes and draws the curtings, and turns down the bed, all nat'ral like.

Well, then she takes off 'er little 'at, and kicks off 'er little shoes, and begins for to undo the little jacket she'd got on.

So I says, "Brown!" and gives 'im a nudge.

He says, "Wot is it?"

I says, "You don't never mean to say as she's agoin' to bed afore all these people?"

He says, "You'll see."

I says, "I 'opes I shall not *see;* for," I says, "it's 'ighly improper; and I shall make a pint of not a-lookin', and you didn't ought to."

Well, poor thing, she didn't do no more in the way of undressin', when she puffs out the light. It give me sich a turn; for the place went that suddin dark, you wouldn't 'ave thought as one candle could 'ave made sich a difference.

Well, poor thing, she was into bed in a jiffey, as the sayin' is, and off like a church in a instant.

"Well," I says to Brown, "I'm a good sleeper myself, but couldn't 'ave gone off suddin like that, as were pre'aps through the music a-playin' that soft like.

She 'adn't 'ardly closed 'er heyes, when out from the wallance of 'er little bed come the 'ead of that smudge-faced willin we'd see at fust.

"Now," I says, "Mr. Brown, who is right, and who is wrong? Didn't I say he were a bad 'un from the werry fust?"

He says, "Oh, do 'old your row, do!"

I says, "That depends;" for that fellar, he come a-crawlin' from under the bed, a-squabblin' all about the place, a-pretendin' as he couldn't see, as were like 'is nasty deceitful ways; 'cos, in course, if I could see, he could.

Well, he goes across the room, and opens the winder, and gives a whistle like a low-lived butcher-boy; and if that willin in the feathers didn't come a-rigglin' on the pit of his stomick on that winder-sell, and get into the room!

I says, "Mr. Brown, here's goin's on as I don't 'old with. Wotever bisness has them two wagger-bones in this poor young thing's room?" for I felt like a mother to 'er.

Says Brown, "Do be quiet; for," he says, "if you keeps on a-interruptin' of 'em like this, they'll turn you out."

I says, "Interruptin' of 'em, indeed! as is my dooty for to do, as one woman by another. And, as to turnin' me out, I should like to see 'em do it; for as long as I've got my umbreller, I'm a match for them two rascals, any day."

Well, poor thing! jest then, bein' nat'ral disturbed in 'er rest by them whistlin's and noises, she give a uneasy turn in 'er, like wakin' up; and if that

smudge-face willin didn't take and draw a knife out as long as my arm, as seemed for to turn the 'ole mask of my blood!

So I says, "Brown," I says, "if it's only arf the hegg-cup, I must 'ave a somethink."

It's a mussy as I took it; for jest then she set up in the bed, and give a scream as went right thro' me, as made them two fellers rush at 'er with their drawed swords.

I says, "Brown," I says, "I'm your lawful wife, and the mother of children; and ain't agoin' to set 'ere in cold blood and see murder done, to please nobody." And a party a-settin near says, "'Ush!"

I says, "Who are you a-'ushin'? I sha'n't 'ush. There!"

Says another feller, a-'ollerin' at me quite rude, "Horder! horder!"

"Well," I says, "suppose I did come with a horder, wot of that? Is that any reason I ain't to do my dooty by a fellow-creetur'?"

Says Brown, "Do for goodness' sake 'old your row!"

I says, "I won't. 'Elp!" I says. "Murder!" I says; for I see 'em a-pullin' 'er out of 'er bed. "Perlice, perlice!" I 'ollers; and there was the perlice,

as come and ketched 'old of me by the harm, and says, "Come out!"

I says, "Perlicéman, 'owever dare you come a-molestin' of me as am doin' my dooty down 'ere? but take and do yours by them as is a-doin' wrong up there. You never are where you're wanted, as is well known."

He only give me a wiolent pull by the harm, and says, "Come, out with you!"

That young woman as were a-settin' by me with the sojer says, "And glad I am as you're agoin', as 'ave been a downright noosance all the evenin'; for, when you ain't been a-jorin', you've been a-snorin': so there ain't been no 'earin' a word for you."

I says, "Young 'ooman, you mind your own bisness, and look arter your sojer, as in my opinion you've been a-makin' too free with the licker, as is disgraceful in a fieldmale." But she only bust out a-larfin'; and that boy, he turns round, and says, "Oh, my eye, old lady! ain't you mops and brooms?"

I should certingly 'ave give 'im a good settin' down, only but for the perlice, as said, "Are you a-comin'?" and give me sich a wiolent jerk, and Brown a nudge in the side simultanous, as the say-

in' is, as knocked my 'air right over my heyes, and reg'lar blindfolded me like, so I couldn't see nothink more, but could 'ear that poor gal's screams whilst they was a-'awlin' and pullin' and a-liftin' me about the place shameful, as made me 'oller ten thousand murders, till they let me go with my 'ands at liberty for to get my 'air out of my heyes; and, when I did so, I looks round, and if I wasn't in the opin streets, and a-pourin' with rain intorrently.

So I says, "Perliceman, I must go back."

He says, "Not to-night, my good 'ooman."

I says, "Who are you a-callin' your good 'ooman, as am not and never will be? But," I says, "I will go back; for I've left my umbreller in that place, and it's a-pourin' with rain."

"Now," he says, "I tell you wot it is, if you don't go quiet, I'll lock you up, and that's all about it."

So I 'obbles up to Brown, as were a-litin' up 'is pipe at a stall, and says, "Brown, I've been and left my umbreller;" and if he didn't take and walk on, a-usin' a epitaph to me as I blushes to think on.

And every step of the way I 'ad to 'obble 'ome arter 'im, with my boot down at 'eel, through the pourin' rain, like a drownded rat; and, when we got to our door, wot do you think? Why, if I 'adn't

been and left the key of the door in my redicule in that theayter: so we 'ad to stand there pretty nigh arf a 'our afore Brown could knock up the neighbors, and get through the back premises for to let me in.

'Ow I got to bed, I can't think; for the only thing as I remembers was Brown a-cuttin' my left boot off, through bein' that swelled as nothink wouldn't move it. And all night long I was a-dreamin' of murders and horrors, with the bed a-turnin' round with me, and my 'ead a-swimmin' and splittin' like mad; and, when he was a-gettin' up in the mornin', I says, "Brown, that's a dear, give me a drop of water; for I am that dreadful parched."

He busts out a-larfin' as he give it me, and says, "Well, you are a beauty!" and out of the rooms he goes; and when I got up and looks at myself in the glass, I never did. I was a reg'lar objec'; for if the rain 'adn't been and washed all the green linin' out of my leghorn into my face. Through bein' a ingrain color, I didn't get it out for weeks. And wot with the cold as I caught, and the rheumatics as set in, I were laid up for days. And wot I couldn't get out of my 'ead were that poor young creetur; and all as I've got to say is, 'owever Queen Wictoria can

allow sich shameful goin's on at 'er theayter puzzles me; but all I can say is, if that's their ways of goin' on at them plays, if ever I goes agin to the play, them as sees me there may tell me on it."

THE WILL OF A VIRTUOSO.

BY JOSEPH ADDISON.

I, NICHOLAS GIMCRACK, being in sound health of mind, but in great weakness of body, do, by this my last will and testament, bestow my worldly goods and chattels in manner following: —

Imprimis, — To my dear wife,

One box of butterflies,

One drawer of shells,

A female skeleton,

A dried cockatrice.

Item, — To my daughter Elizabeth,

My receipt for preserving dead caterpillars,

As also my preparations of winter Maydew and embryo-pickle.

Item, — To my little daughter Fanny,

Three crocodile's eggs,

And upon the birth of her first child, if she marries with her mother's consent,

The nest of a humming-bird.

Item, — To my eldest brother, as an acknowledgment for the lands he has vested in my son Charles, I bequeath

My last year's collection of grasshoppers.

Item, — To his daughter Susanna, being his only child, I bequeath my

English weeds pasted on royal paper,

With my large folio of Indian cabbage.

Having fully provided for my nephew Isaac, by making over to him some years since,

A horned scarabæus,

The skin of a rattlesnake, and

The mummy of an Egyptian king,

I make no further provision for him in this my will.

My eldest son, John, having spoke disrespectfully of his little sister, whom I keep by me in spirits of wine, and in many other instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do disenherit, and wholly cut off from any part of this my personal estate, by giving him a single cockle-shell.

To my second son, Charles, I give and bequeath all my flowers, plants, minerals, mosses, shells, pebbles,

fossils, beetles, butterflies, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and vermin, not above specified ; as also all my monsters, both wet and dry ; making the said Charles whole and sole executor of this my last will and testament : he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid legacies within the space of six months after my decease. And I do hereby revoke all other wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GOLDEN AGE OF NEW YORK.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable-end, which was of small black-and-yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the streets; as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The houses were always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor. The date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front; and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew.

These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every

man could have a wind to his mind. The most stanch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up, and set it to the right quarter.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife, — a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front-door was never opened, except on marriages, funerals, New Year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, — sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, — and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was ofttimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water; insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us, that many

of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids. But this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or, what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

The grand parlor was the *sanctum sanctorum*, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights, always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly on their stocking-feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves and rhomboids with a broom; after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace, — the window-shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family they always entered in at the

gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled round the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the goede vrouw, on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn, or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, horses without heads, and hairbreadth escapes, and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed

at sunset. Dinner was invariably a private meal; and the fat old burghers showed incontestable signs of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or *noblesse;* that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled about three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter-time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company — being seated round the genial board, and each furnished with a fork — evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish, in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears;

but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or olykocks, — a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic Delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper teakettle, which would have made the pygmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup ; and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth, — an ingenious expedient which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails, without exception, in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting, no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chatting and romping of young ones, no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pocket, nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertisements, of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings, nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, "*Yah Mynheer*," or, "*Yah, yah, Vrouw*," to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue-and-white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated, wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed. Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages; that is to say, by the vehicles Nature had

provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door ; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present : if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of deference in their descendants to say a word against it.

In this dulcet period of my history, when the beauteous island of Mannahata presented a scene the very counterpart of those glowing pictures drawn of the golden reign of Saturn, there was, as I have before observed, a happy ignorance, an honest simplicity, prevalent among its inhabitants, which, were I even able to depict, would be but little understood by the degenerate age for which I am doomed to write. Even the female sex, those arch innovators upon the tranquillity, the honesty, and gray-beard customs of society, seemed for a while to conduct themselves with incredible sobriety and comeliness.

Their hair, untortured by the abominations of art, was scrupulously pomatumed back from their foreheads with a candle, and covered with a little cap of

quilted calico, which fitted exactly to their heads. Their petticoats, of linsey-woolsey, were striped with a variety of gorgeous dyes, though I must confess these gallant garments were rather short, scarce reaching below the knee ; but then they made up in the number, which generally equalled that of the gentleman's small-clothes ; and, what is still more praiseworthy, they were all of their own manufacture, — of which circumstance, as may well be supposed, they were not a little vain.

Those were the honest days in which every woman staid at home, read the Bible, and wore pockets, — ay, and that, too, of a goodly size, — fashioned with patchwork into many curious devices, and ostentatiously worn on the outside. These, in fact, were convenient receptacles, where all good housewives carefully stored away such things as they wished to have at hand ; by which means they often came to be incredibly crammed. And I remember there used to be a story current, when I was a boy, that the lady of Wouter Van Twiller once had occasion to empty her right pocket in search of a wooden ladle, when the contents filled a couple of corn-baskets, and the utensil was discovered lying among some rubbish in one corner. But we must not give too much faith to

all these stories, the anecdotes of those remote periods being very subject to exaggeration.

Besides these notable pockets, they likewise wore scissors and pincushions suspended from their girdles by red ribbons, or, among the more opulent and showy classes, by brass, and even silver chains, — indubitable tokens of thrifty housewives and industrious spinsters. I cannot say much in vindication of the shortness of the petticoats: it doubtless was introduced for the purpose of giving the stockings a chance to be seen, which were generally of blue worsted, with magnificent red clocks, — or, perhaps, to display a well-turned ankle, and a neat though serviceable foot, set off by a high-heeled leathern shoe, with a large and splendid silver buckle. Thus we find that the gentle sex in all ages have shown the same disposition to infringe a little upon the laws of decorum in order to betray a lurking beauty, or gratify an innocent love of finery.

From the sketch here given, it will be seen that our good grandmothers differed considerably in their ideas of a fine figure from their scantily-dressed descendants of the present day. A fine lady, in those times, waddled under more clothes, even on a fair summer's day, than would have clad the whole

bevy of a modern ball-room. Nor were they the less admired by the gentlemen in consequence thereof. On the contrary, the greatness of a lover's passion seemed to increase in proportion to the magnitude of its object; and a voluminous damsel, arrayed in a dozen of petticoats, was declared by a Low Dutch sonneteer of the province to be radiant as a sunflower, and luxuriant as a full-blown cabbage. Certain it is, that, in those days, the heart of a lover could not contain more than one lady at a time: whereas the heart of a modern gallant has often room enough to accommodate half a dozen. The reason of which, I conclude to be, that either the hearts of the gentlemen have grown larger, or the persons of the ladies smaller: this, however, is a question for physiologists to determine.

But there was a secret charm in these petticoats, which, no doubt, entered into the consideration of the prudent gallants. The wardrobe of a lady was, in those days, her only fortune; and she who had a good stock of petticoats and stockings was as absolutely an heiress as is a Kamtschatka damsel with a store of bear-skins, or a Lapland belle with a plenty of reindeer. The ladies, therefore, were very anxious to display those powerful attractions to the

greatest advantage; and the best rooms in the house, instead of being adorned with caricatures of Dame Nature in water colors and needlework, were always hung round with abundance of homespun garments, the manufacture and the property of the females, — a piece of laudable ostentation that still prevails among the heiresses of our Dutch villages.

The gentlemen, in fact, who figured in the circles of the gay world in these ancient times, corresponded, in most particulars, with the beauteous damsels whose smiles they were ambitious to deserve. True it is, their merits would make but a very inconsiderable impression upon the heart of a modern fair. They neither drove their curricles, nor sported their tandems; for as yet those gaudy vehicles were not even dreamt of. Neither did they distinguish themselves by their brilliancy at the table, and their consequent rencounters with watchmen; for our forefathers were of too pacific a disposition to need those guardians of the night, every soul throughout the town being sound asleep before nine o'clock. Neither did they establish their claims to gentility at the expense of their tailors; for as yet those offenders against the pockets of society, and the tranquillity of all aspiring young gentlemen, were unknown in New

Amsterdam. Every good housewife made the clothes of her husband and family; and even the *goede Vrouw* of Van Twiller himself thought it no disparagement to cut out her husband's linsey-woolsey galligaskins.

Not but what there were some two or three youngsters who manifested the first dawning of what is called fire and spirit; who held all labor in contempt, skulked about docks and market-places, loitered in the sunshine, squandered what little money they could procure at hustle-cap and chuck-farthing, swore, boxed, fought cocks, and raced their neighbors' horses; in short, who promised to be the wonder, talk, and abomination of the town, had not their stylish career been unfortunately cut short by an affair of honor with a whipping-post.

Far other, however, was the truly fashionable gentleman of those days. His dress, which served for both morning and evening, street and drawing-room, was a linsey-woolsey coat, made, perhaps, by the fair hands of the mistress of his affections, and gallantly bedecked with abundance of large brass buttons. Half a score of breeches heightened the proportions of his figure; his shoes were decorated by enormous copper buckles; a low-crowned, broad-rimmed hat,

overshadowed his burly visage; and his hair dangled down his back in a prodigious cue of eel-skin.

Thus equipped, he would manfully set forth, with pipe in mouth, to besiege some fair damsel's obdurate heart, — not such a pipe, good reader, as that which Acis did sweetly tune in praise of his Galatea, but one of true Delft manufacture, and furnished with a charge of fragrant tobacco. With this would he resolutely set himself down before the fortress, and rarely failed, in the process of time, to smoke the fair enemy into a surrender upon honorable terms.

Such was the happy reign of Wouter Van Twiller, celebrated in many a long-forgotten song as the real golden age; the rest being nothing but counterfeit, copper-washed coin. In that delightful period, a sweet and holy calm reigned over the whole province. The burgomaster smoked his pipe in peace: the substantial solace of his domestic cares, after her daily toils were done, sat soberly at the door, with her arms crossed over her apron of snowy white, without being insulted with ribald street-walkers or vagabond boys, — those unlucky urchins who do so infest our streets, displaying under the roses of youth the thorns and briers of iniquity. Then it

was that the lover with ten breeches, and the damsel with petticoats of half a score, indulged in all the innocent endearments of virtuous love, without fear, and without reproach; for what had that virtue to fear, which was defended by a shield of good linsey-woolseys, equal at least to the seven bull-hides of the invincible Ajax?

Ah, blissful and never-to-be-forgotten age! when every thing was better than it has ever been since, or ever will be again, when Buttermilk Channel was quite dry at low water, when the shad in the Hudson were all salmon, and when the moon shone with a pure and resplendent whiteness, instead of that melancholy yellow light which is the consequence of her sickening at the abominations she every night witnesses in this degenerate city.

THE INSANITY OF CAIN.

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

WHATEVER is startling in the fact of questioning Cain's sanity, only goes to prove the simple justice of the doubt. For more than five thousand years humankind has been content to look upon the First Born as a murderer. Each new generation, convicting him, as it were, without hearing of judge or jury, has felt far more concern that the conviction should be understood as a so-called religious fact, than that their remote and defenceless fellow-creature should have the benefit of human justice. One-tenth of the zeal and candor with which our own Froude has endeavored to make a saint of England's chronic widower might have sufficed to lift a world's weight of obloquy from the shoulders of Cain; but, until to-day, no philosopher has chosen to assume the difficult

and delicate task. No jurisprudent has dared to investigate a charge that has been a sort of moral stronghold for ages. So grand a thing is it to be able to point away, far back, deeper and deeper into antiquity, to the very first families, and say, Behold the fountain-head of our murder record!

Doggerel has much to answer for. It has driven many a monstrous wrong into the heart of its century. It has done its worst with Cain, but not *the* worst.

> C——— is for Cain,
> Who his brother had slain,

though winning in cadence, lacks spirit as a charge. It is too non-committal. The feeble soul that contrived it was fit only for jury-duty. It wants the snap of preconceived opinion. But CAIN, THE FIRST MURDERER, is grand, unique, statistical. Hence its vitality and power. Generation after generation, taught to loathe his very name, has accepted the statement on general principles. There had to be a first murderer, and why not Cain? Again: why not Abel for the murderee?

There was no miasma in that sweet, fresh time; no scope for contagious diseases; there were no pastry-shops, no distilleries, no patent-medicines, no

blisters, no lancets, and no doctors: consequently, there was no way for a man to die, unless sombody killed him. Cain did this thing for Abel. That we do not dispute; nor that he did it gratis and unsolicited: but was he a murderer? Setting aside the possibility that Abel's time had not come, are we to judge Cain by the face of his deed? May there not have peen palliating conditions, temperamental causes? In a word, was he sane?

For centuries, ages, the world has overlooked the tremendous considerations involved in this question, placidly branding an unfortunate man with deepest ignominy, and taking it for granted that his deed was deliberate, the act of a self-poised, calculating, and guilty mind. Let us see.

In the first place, Cain, for a time, was the only child on earth. That in itself was enough to disturb the strongest juvenile organism, — all the petting, nursing, trotting, coddling, and watching of the whole civilized world falling upon one pair of baby shoulders. Naturally the little fellow soon considered himself a person of consequence, all-absorbing consequence, in fact. Then came Abel, disturbing and upsetting his dearest convictions, — another self, a new somebody, a kicking counter-

feit, held fondly in *his* mother's arms, riding to Banbury Cross on *his* father's foot!

A brother? What did it mean? There were no books to tell him; and, if there had been, the poor child never knew a letter. There were no philosophers or metaphysicians in those days to explain the phenomenon. The earliest Beecher was not born. Darwin was still a lingering atom in some undreamed of, unorganized pseudo-protoplasm of a monkey. The child had no friends, not even a school-fellow. Adam's time was taken up with what modern conundrumists have called his express company; Eve had the baby to mind; and Cain was left alone to brood over the unfathomable. Think of the influence thus brought to bear upon the delicate, sensitive brain of that very select child. A mature intellect would have given way under a far less strain.

But Cain survived it. He became reconciled, we will say, to the little Abel. They played and shouted together as children do in our day, racing the fields at will, growing to be strong, brave little animals, fierce, impulsive, and aggressive, especially Cain. But how did they fare æsthetically? no academies, no Sunday schools, no gymnasiums, nothing to direct and balance their young minds!

Their parents were plain people, caring little for society, we imagine, and any thing but dressy in their tastes. There were no lectures in those days, remember, no concerts, no Young Men's Christian Associations, to make life one long festivity: every thing was at a dead level. Probably the only excitements Adam and Eve had were thrashing the children, and making them "behave." Whatever sensation Adam may have made among the beasts of the field, the only public movement possible to his active-minded wife was to notify all mankind (i.e., little Cain and Abel) to look out, for Adam was coming. Naturally Abel, being the baby, the last, and therefore the best and dearest, was spared these thrashings and public excitements, to a great extent; and so the burden of social responsibility fell upon poor little Cain. Who shall blame him, or wonder at the act, if, now and then, he indulged in a sly kick at Abel? — Abel, the goody boy of the family, the "rest of the world," who would not on any account be as naughty and noisy as brother Cain.

Yet who of us can say that any such kick was administered? At that early stage of his existence, the controlling mind of Cain had not yet given way.

It is no light matter to be the first man in a world

like this; and Cain certainly was preparing to hold that position. Adam, his father, was created for a purpose. Like Minerva, he sprang into life full grown: therefore, though we may safely consider him as the first human creature, he certainly was not the first man; for how can one be a man who never was a child?

Here we have another argument in favor of Cain. Besides having no bad boys to pattern after, he was under the constant direction of his parents, who certainly, if only from an instinct of self-preservation, would have trained him never to be passionate or cruel, when in his right mind. To be sure, they labored under a peculiar disadvantage. Herbert Spencer himself, coming into the world booted and spurred, with no childhood to look back upon, might have been at a loss how to manage the first boy. We must never forget that there was a time when instinct and reflex action had the start of the doctrine of precedent and law of consequences; when the original "I told you so!" had yet to be uttered. Even the warning example of Cain was denied to the moral advancing of this first boy.

Still the situation had its advantages. There were no fond uncles and aunts, no doting grandparents,

to spoil the child, and confound the best endeavors of Adam and Eve. Fortunately for the boy, Poor Richard's Almanac was yet unwritten; George Washington's little hatchet was never brandished before his infant mind; and Casabianca had not yet struck his attitude on the burning deck. So young Cain was spared a host of discouraging influences. In short, there is every reason to believe, that, in spite of depressing conditions and surroundings, he grew up to be at least a better man than his father, who never had any bringing up at all. That he did not kill Abel in his boyhood is proof enough of this. There was discipline somewhere.

And, in the name of developed science and Christian charity, why not, in considering subsequent events, make due allowance for whatever phrenological excesses the cranium of young Cain may have possessed? An intelligent father of to-day, figuratively speaking, can take his child's head by the forelock. He can detect what is within it, and counteract proclivities. If an ominous bump rise near his baby's ear, he is ready to check combativeness with, "Mary had a little lamb," "Children, you should never let," and other tender ditties. In a word, he may take observations from the little

mounts of character on his child's head, and so, if he be wise, direct the young life into safe and pleasant places. But Adam knew nothing of phrenology. Nor have we great reason to believe, that, if he *had* known of it, he would have discreetly followed its indications. Children are not always cherubs. We all know how the dearest of our little ones sometimes become so "aggravating" as to upset our highest philosophies. Was Adam more than human? Say, rather, he was the fountain-head and source of human passion.

Again: both children were the victims of an abiding privation. They had the natural propensities of childhood. They had teeth, stomach, appetite, all the conditions, we will say, of cholera infantum, except the one thing for which they secretly yearned, — green apples. These, of course, were not to be had in that house. They were not even allowed to be mentioned in the family. Not once in all their lonely childhood were those children comforted with apples. Think of the possibilities of inherited appetite, and then conceive of the effect of these years of unnatural privation!

Again: who shall question that at times the deepest and most mysterious gloom pervaded that house-

hold? Even if Adam and Eve did not confide in their children, their oldest boy must have suspected that something was wrong. *What was it?* — the terrible something to be read, and yet not read, in the averted faces of that doomed pair? They evidently had seen better days. Where? Why? How? What had become of some vague inheritance that Cain felt was his by right? Morning, noon, and night, misty and terrible suspicions haunted his young mind. Night and noon and morning, the mystery revolved and revolved within him. Was this conducive to sanity?

Conceive of the effect of the animals seen in the children's daily walks! There were no well-ordered menagerie specimens then, with Barnum or Van Amburgh in the background as a foil against terror. Savage beasts glared and growled and roared at every turn. Whatever geologists may say to the contrary, we must insist that the antediluvian animals did not necessarily antedate Adam. Taking the mildest possible view of the case, the plesiosaurus, pterodactyl, mastodon, and megatherium, in their native state, could not have been soothing objects of contemplation to the infant mind.

Well, the boys grew up. But how bleak their

young manhood! No patent-leather boots, no swallow-tails, no standing-collars, no billiards, no girls to woo, no fellows to flout! Nothing to do when the farm-work was over, and the sheep in for the night, but to look into each other's untrimmed faces, with a mute "Confounded dull!" more terrible than raving.

Fathers of to-day, would your own children pass unscathed through such an existence as this? Your little Abels might stand it; but how about your little Cains? Would they not "put a head" on somebody? Would they not become, if not stark, staring mad, at least *non compos mentis?* Gentlemen of the jury, these considerations are not to be lighly passed by.

In judging of Cain, look at the situation. On the one hand, a terrible family mystery, no schools, no churches, no lectures, no society, no amusements, no apples! On the other hand, the whole burden of humanity borne for the first time, paternal discipline, undue phrenological developments, monotonous employment, antediluvian monsters, antediluvian parents, and an antediluvian good brother, in whose mouth butter would have remained intact for ages!

Undoubtedly that brother had an exasperating

smile. He was happy, because he was virtuous. He had a way of forgiving and forgetting that for a time would deprive the offender of reason itself; above all, he had a cool, collected manner of his own, added to a chronic desire to be an angel. His offerings always fulfilled the conditions. His fires needed only to be lighted, and the smoke was sure to ascend with a satisfied, confident curl far into the sky.

Cain's, on the contrary, refused to burn. We can see it all. The smoke struggled and flopped. It crept along the ground, and, clinging to his feet, wound about him like a serpent. It grew black and angry, shot sideways into his eyes, blinding and strangling him.

And there stood Abel beside *his* pile, radiant, satisfied, wanting to be an angel!

It was but the work of a moment. The pent-up, disorganizing influences of a lifetime found vent in one wild moment of emotional insanity. Abel was no more!

Why dwell upon the sickening tragedy? The world is familiar with its sickening details. We shall not repeat them here; nor shall we question the justice of the punishment that came to Cain, — the

remorse, the desolation, the sense of being a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth. He had killed his brother, and the penalty must be paid. Sane or insane, a terrible retribution must have overtaken him. But how about his guilt? Would it have been the same in either case? Are hereditary organism, temperamental excitability, emotional frenzy, not to be considered? No, a thousand times, NO! What "competent juror" would acquiesce in such a proposition?

"Am I my brother's *keeper?*" cried the poor wretch when called upon to name the whereabouts of the missing Abel. Who can doubt here that Cain, like any lunatic of our own time, believed himself alone to be sane, and those about him stark mad? His use of the word "keeper" proves this. True, there were no lunatic asylums in that day; but if the first, original representative "inmate" was at large, where should or could the first, representative keeper be but in that inmate's diseased imagination?

Friends, the time has come when this case must be taken up. Its mighty issues can no longer be set aside. If Cain was not sane at the moment of the killing, the stain of murder must be wiped from his brow now and forever. This tardy justice may at

least be done him. Our children and our children's children must be taught to speak of Cain the man-slaughterer, Cain the mentally-excitable, Cain the peculiarly circumstanced. But Cain the murderer? Never!

A man's own testimony shall not convict nor acquit him. But are we not to take into account, as indicative of his state of mind, actions and declarations coincident with the commission of the crime alleged against him? If, at or about the time of the fatal deed, there was positive evidence of incoherence — what then? Witness the last recorded words of Cain: —

EVERY ONE THAT FINDETH ME SHALL SLAY ME!

Is this the utterance of a sane mind? *Every* one that findeth me shall slay me? Gentlemen, Cain, at this point, was not only crazy — he was the craziest man that ever existed. No ordinary lunatic, however preposterous his terrors, expects to be killed more than once. But to this poor madman, retribution suddenly assumed a hydra-headed form. His distracted brain, unconscious that Adam was the only other man in the wide world, instantly created an immense population. He saw himself falling again and again by the strokes of successive

assassins, even as Abel had fallen under his hand. His first dazed glimpse of death expanded and intensified into a horror never since conceived by mind of man. His happiness overthrown, his reason a wreck, a prey to fears that stretched before him forever, with no possible hope of final destruction, — the only consolation is, that he could not foreknow the merciless verdict of posterity. He did not recognize in himself the first murderer. Rather than dream of such ignominy as this, was it not better that he should cry in his ravings, "Every one that findeth me shall slay me!"

We leave the question to the intelligence and the justice of this faithful and enlightened century.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH AN INTERVIEWER.

BY MARK TWAIN.

THE nervous, dapper, "peart" young man took the chair I offered him, and said he was connected with "The Daily Thunderstorm," and added, —

"Hoping it's no harm, I've come to interview you."

"Come to what?"

"*Interview* you."

"Ah! I see. Yes — yes. Um! Yes — yes."

I was not feeling bright that morning. Indeed, my powers seemed a bit under a cloud. However, I went to the bookcase, and, when I had been looking six or seven minutes, I found I was obliged to refer to the young man. I said, —

"How do you spell it?"

"Spell what?"

"Interview."

"Oh, my goodness! What do you want to spell it for?"

"I don't want to spell it: I want to see what it means."

"Well, this is astonishing, I must say. *I* can tell you what it means, if you — if you" —

"Oh, all right! That will answer, and much obliged to you too."

"I n, *in*, t e r, *ter*, *in*ter" —

"Then you spell it with an *I*?"

"Why, certainly!"

"Oh, that is what took me so long!"

"Why, my *dear* sir, what did *you* propose to spell it with?"

"Well, I — I — I hardly know. I had the Unabridged; and I was ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might tree her among the pictures. But it's a very old edition."

"Why, my friend, they wouldn't have a *picture* of it in even the latest e——. My dear sir, I beg your pardon, I mean no harm in the world; but you do not look as — as — intelligent as I had expected you would. No harm, — I mean no harm at all."

"Oh, don't mention it! It has often been said, and by people who would not flatter, and who could have no inducement to flatter, that I am quite remarkable in that way. Yes — yes: they always speak of it with rapture."

"I can easily imagine it. But about this interview. You know it is the custom, now, to interview any man who has become notorious."

"Indeed! I had not heard of it before. It must be very interesting. What do you do it with?"

"Ah, well — well — well — this is disheartening. It *ought* to be done with a club, in some cases; but customarily it consists in the interviewer asking questions, and the interviewed answering them. It is all the rage now. Will you let me ask you certain questions calculated to bring out the salient points of your public and private history?"

"Oh, with pleasure, — with pleasure. I have a very bad memory; but I hope you will not mind that. That is to say, it is an irregular memory, singularly irregular. Sometimes it goes in a gallop, and then again it will be much as a fortnight passing a given point. This is a great grief to me."

"Oh! it is no matter, so you will try to do the best you can."

"I will. I will put my whole mind on it."

"Thanks! Are you ready to begin?"

"Ready."

Question. How old are you?

Answer. Nineteen in June.

Q. Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born?

A. In Missouri.

Q. When did you begin to write?

A. In 1836.

Q. Why, how could that be, if you are only nineteen now?

A. I don't know. It does seem curious, somehow.

Q. It does, indeed. Whom do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?

A. Aaron Burr.

Q. But you never could have met Aaron Burr, if you are only nineteen years —

A. Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?

Q. Well it was only a suggestion; nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr?

A. Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day; and he asked me to make less noise, and —

Q. But, good heavens! If you were at his funeral, he must have been dead; and, if he was dead, how could he care whether you made a noise or not?

A. I don't know. He was always a particular kind of a man that way.

Q. Still, I don't understand it at all. You say he spoke to you, and that he was dead.

A. I didn't say he was dead.

Q. But wasn't he dead?

A. Well, some said he was, some said he wasn't.

Q. What did you think?

A. Oh, it was none of my business! It wasn't any of my funeral.

Q. Did you — However, we can never get this matter straight. Let me ask about something else. What was the date of your birth?

A. Monday, Oct. 31, 1693.

Q. What! Impossible! That would make you a hundred and eighty years old. How do you account for that?

A. I don't account for it at all.

Q. But you said at first you were only nineteen, and now you make yourself out to be one hundred and eighty. It is an awful discrepancy.

A. Why, have you noticed that? (*Shaking hands.*) Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy; but somehow I couldn't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing!

Q. Thank you for the compliment, as far as it goes. Had you, or have you, any brothers or sisters?

A. Eh! I — I — I think so, — yes — but I don't remember.

Q. Well, that is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard.

A. Why, what makes you think that?

Q. How could I think otherwise? Why, look here! Who is this a picture of on the wall? Isn't that a brother of yours?

A. Oh, yes, yes, yes! Now you remind me of it, that *was* a brother of mine. That's William, *Bill* we called him. Poor old Bill!

Q. Why, is he dead, then?

A. Ah, well, I suppose so. We never could tell. There was a great mystery about it.

Q. That is sad, very sad. He disappeared, then?

A. Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him.

Q. *Buried* him! *Buried* him without knowing whether he was dead or not?

A. Oh, no! Not that. He was dead enough.

Q. Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you buried him, and you knew he was dead —

A. No, no! We only thought he was.

Q. Oh, I see! He came to life again?

A. I bet he didn't!

Q. Well, I never heard any thing like this. *Somebody* was dead. *Somebody* was buried. Now, where was the mystery?

A. Ah, that's just it! That's it exactly! You see, we were twins, — defunct and I; and we got mixed in the bath-tub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. But we didn't know which. Some think it was Bill; some think it was me.

Q. Well, that *is* remarkable. What do *you* think?

A. Goodness knows! I would give whole worlds to know. This solemn, this awful mystery has cast a gloom over my whole life. But I will tell you a secret now, which I never have revealed to any creature before. One of us had a peculiar mark, a large mole on the back of his left hand; that was *me.* *That child was the one that was drowned.*

Q. Very well, then, I don't see that there is any mystery about it, after all.

A. You don't? Well, *I* do. Anyway, I don't see how they could ever have been such a blundering lot as to go and bury the wrong child. But, 'sh! don't mention it where the family can hear of it. Heaven knows they have heart-breaking troubles enough without adding this.

Q. Well, I believe I have got material enough for the present; and I am very much obliged to you for the pains you have taken. But I was a good deal interested in that account of Aaron Burr's funeral. Would you mind telling me what particular circumstance it was that made you think Burr was such a remarkable man?

A. Oh, it was a mere trifle! Not one man in fifty would have noticed it at all. When the sermon was over, and the procession all ready to start for the cemetery, and the body all arranged nice in the hearse, he said he wanted to take a last look at the scenery; and so he *got up, and rode with the driver.*

Then the young man reverently withdrew. He was very pleasant company; and I was sorry to see him go.

THE PAINTER'S BARGAIN.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

SIMON GAMBOUGE was the son of Solomon Gambouge; and, as all the world knows, both father and son were astonishing clever fellows at their profession. Solomon painted landscapes — which nobody bought; and Simon took a higher line, and painted portraits to admiration — only nobody came to sit to him.

As he was not gaining five pounds a year by his profession, and had arrived at the age of twenty at least, Simon determined to better himself by taking a wife; a plan which a number of other wise men adopt, in similar years and circumstances. So Simon prevailed upon a butcher's daughter (to whom he owed considerable for cutlets) to quit the meat-shop, and follow him. Griskinissa — such was the fair creature's name — was as lovely a bit of mutton,

her father said, as ever a man would wish to stick a knife into. She had sat to the painter for all sorts of characters; and the curious who possess any of Gambouge's pictures will see her as Venus, Minerva, Madonna, and in numberless other characters: Portrait of a lady — Griskinissa; Sleeping Nymph — Griskinissa, without a rag of clothes, lying in a forest; Maternal Solicitude — Griskinissa again, with young Master Gambouge, who was by this time the offspring of their affections.

The lady brought the painter a handsome little fortune of a couple of hundred pounds; and, as long as this sum lasted, no woman could be more lovely or loving. But want began speedily to attack their little household; bakers' bills were unpaid; rent was due, and the reckless landlord gave no quarter; and, to crown the whole, her father, unnatural butcher! suddenly stopped the supplies of mutton-chops, and swore that the dauber, her husband, should have no more of his wares. At first they embraced tenderly, and kissing, and crying over their little infant, vowed to Heaven that they would do without; but in the course of the evening Griskinissa grew peckish, and poor Simon pawned his best coat.

When this habit of pawning is discovered, it appears to the poor a kind of Eldorado. Gambouge and his wife were so delighted, that they, in the course of a month, made away with her gold chain, her great warming-pan, his best crimson plush inexpressibles, two wigs, a wash-hand basin and ewer, fire-irons, window-curtains, crockery, and arm-chairs. Griskinissa said, smiling, that she had found a second father in *her uncle*, — a base pun, which showed that her mind was corrupted, and that she was no longer the tender, simple Griskinissa of other days.

I am sorry to say that she had taken to drinking: she swallowed the warming-pan in the course of three days, and fuddled herself one whole evening with the crimson plush breeches.

Drinking is the devil, — the father, that is to say, of all vices. Griskinissa's face and her mind grew ugly together: her good humor changed to bilious, bitter discontent; her pretty, fond epithets, to foul abuse and swearing; her tender blue eyes grew watery and blear; and the peach-color on her cheeks fled from its old habitation, and crowded up into her nose, where, with a number of pimples, it stuck fast. Add to this a dirty, draggle-tailed chintz; long,

matted hair, wandering into her eyes, and over her lean shoulders, which were once so snowy, — and you have the picture of drunkenness and Mrs. Simon Gambouge.

Poor Simon, who had been a gay, lively fellow enough in the days of his better fortune, was completely cast down by his present ill luck, and cowed by the ferocity of his wife. From morning till night, the neighbors could hear this woman's tongue, and understand her doings: bellows went skimming across the room; chairs were flumped down on the floor; and poor Gambouge's oil and varnish pots went clattering through the windows, or down the stairs. The baby roared all day; and Simon sat pale and idle in a corner, taking a small sup at the brandy-bottle, when Mrs. Gambouge was out of the way.

One day, as he sat disconsolately at his easel, furbishing up a picture of his wife in the character of Peace, which he had commenced a year before, he was more than ordinarily desperate, and cursed and swore in the most pathetic manner. "Oh, miserable fate of genius!" cried he. "Was I, a man of such commanding talents, born for this? — to be bullied by a fiend of a wife; to have my master-

pieces neglected by the world, or sold only for a few pieces? Cursed be the love which has misled me! cursed be the art which is unworthy of me! Let me dig or steal; let me sell myself as a soldier, or sell myself to the Devil, — I should not be more wretched than I am now."

"Quite the contrary," cried a small, cheery voice.

"What!" exclaimed Gambouge, trembling and surprised. "Who's there? — where are you? — who are you?"

"You were just speaking of me," said the voice.

Gambouge held in his left hand his palette, in his right a bladder of crimson lake, which he was about to squeeze out upon the mahogany. "Where are you?" cried he again.

"S-q-u-e-e-z-e!" exclaimed the little voice.

Gambouge picked out the nail from the bladder, and gave a squeeze; when, as sure as I am living, a little imp spurted out from the hole upon the palette, and began laughing in the most singular and oily manner.

When first born, he was little bigger than a tadpole; then he grew to be as big as a mouse; then he arrived at the size of a cat; and then he jumped

off the palette, and, turning head over heels, asked the poor painter what he wanted with him.

. . . . . .

The strange little animal twisted head over heels, and fixed himself at last upon the top of Gambouge's easel, smearing out, with his heels, all the white and vermilion which had just been laid on to the allegoric portrait of Mrs. Gambouge.

"What!" exclaimed Simon, "is it the" —

"Exactly so. Talk of me, you know, and I am always at hand; besides, I am not half so black as I am painted, as you will see when you know me a little better."

"Upon my word," said the painter, "it is a very singular surprise which you have given me. To tell truth, I did not even believe in your existence."

The little imp put on a theatrical air, and, with one of Mr. Macready's best looks, said, —

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Gambogio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

Gambouge, being a Frenchman, did not understand the quotation, but felt somehow strangely and singularly interested in the conversation of his new friend.

Diabolus continued, "You are a man of merit, and want money; you will starve on your merit; you can only get money from me. Come, my friend, how much is it? I ask the easiest interest in the world: old Mordecai, the usurer, has made you pay twice as heavily before now, — nothing but the signature of a bond, which is a mere ceremony, and the transfer of an article which in itself is a supposition, — a vauleless, windy, uncertain property of yours, called by some poet of your own, I think, an *animula, vagula, blandula.* Bah! there is no use beating about the bush: I mean *a soul.* Come, let me have it: you know you will sell it some other way, and not get such good pay for your bargain." And, having made this speech, the Devil pulled out from his fob a sheet as big as a double "Times," only there was a different *stamp* in the corner.

It is useless and tedious to describe law documents. Lawyers only love to read them; and they have as good in Chitty as any that are to be found in the Devil's own, so nobly have the apprentices emulated the skill of the master. Suffice it to say, that poor Gambouge read over the paper, and signed it. He was to have all he wished for seven years, and at the end of that time was to become the property

of the —— ; Provided that, during the course of the seven years, every single wish which he might form should be gratified by the other of the contracting parties: otherwise the deed became null and non-avenue, and Gambouge should be left "to go to the —— his own way."

"You will never see me again," said Diabolus, in shaking hands with poor Simon, on whose fingers he left such a mark as is to be seen at this day, — "never, at least, unless you want me; for every thing you ask will be performed in the most quiet and every-day manner: believe me, it is best and most gentlemanlike, and avoids any thing like scandal. But if you set me about any thing which is extraordinary, and out of the course of nature, as it were, come I must, you know; and of this you are the best judge." So saying, Diabolus disappeared; but whether up the chimney, through the keyhole, or any other aperture or contrivance, nobody knows. Simon Gambouge was left in a fever of delight, as, Heaven forgive me! I believe many a worthy man would be, if he were allowed an opportunity to make a similar bargain.

"Heigho!" said Simon, "I wonder whether this be a reality or a dream. I am sober, I know; for

who will give me credit for the means to be drunk? and, as for sleeping, I'm too hungry for that. I wish I could see a capon and a bottle of white wine."

"MONSIEUR SIMON!" cried a voice on the landing-place.

"*C'est ici*," quoth Gambouge, hastening to open the door. He did so; and, lo! there was a *restaurateur's* boy at the door, supporting a tray, a tin-covered dish, and plates on the same; and by its side a tall, amber-colored flask of Sauterne.

"I am the new boy, sir," exclaimed this youth on entering; "but I believe this is the right door, and you asked for these things."

Simon grinned, and said, "Certainly, I did *ask for* these things." But such was the effect which his interview with the demon had had on his innocent mind, that he took them, although he knew that they were for old Simon, the Jew dandy, who was mad after an opera-girl, and lived on the floor beneath.

"Go, my boy," he said: "it is good. Call in a couple of hours, and remove the plates and glasses."

The little waiter trotted down stairs; and Simon sat greedily down to discuss the capon and the white wine. He bolted the legs; he devoured the wings;

he cut every morsel of flesh from the breast, seasoning his repast with pleasant draughts of wine, and caring nothing for the inevitable bill, which was to follow all.

"Ye gods!" said he as he scraped away at the backbone, "what a dinner! what wine! and how gayly served up too!" There were silver forks and spoons; and the remnants of the fowl were upon a silver dish. "Why, the money for this dish and these spoons," cried Simon, "would keep me and Mrs. G. a month! I WISH," — and here Simon whistled, and turned round to see that nobody was peeping, — "I wish the plate were mine."

Oh the horrid progress of the Devil! "Here they are," thought Simon to himself: "why should not I *take them?*" And take them he did. "Detection," said he, "is not so bad as starvation; and I would as soon live at the galleys as live with Madame Gambouge."

So Gambouge shovelled dish and spoons into the flap of his surtout, and ran down stairs as if the Devil were behind him — as, indeed, he was.

He immediately made for the house of his old friend the pawnbroker, that establishment which is called in France the Mont de Pieté. "I am obliged

to come to you again, my old friend," said Simon, "with some family plate, of which I beseech you to take care."

The pawnbroker smiled as he examined the goods. "I can give you nothing upon them," said he.

"What," cried Simon, "not even the worth of the silver?"

"No. I could buy them at that price at the Café Morisot, Rue de la Verrerie, where, I suppose, you got them a little cheaper." And, so saying, he showed to the guilt-stricken Gambouge how the name of that coffee-house was inscribed upon every one of the articles which he had wished to pawn.

The effects of conscience are dreadful indeed! Oh! how fearful is retribution, how deep is despair, how bitter is remorse for crime — *when crime is found out!* — otherwise, conscience takes matters much more easily. Gambouge cursed his fate, and swore henceforth to be virtuous.

"But hark ye, my friend," continued the honest broker, "there is no reason why, because I cannot lend upon these things, I should not buy them: they will do to melt, if for no other purpose. Will you have half the money? — speak, or I peach."

Simon's resolves about virtue were soon dissipated

instantaneously. "Give me half," he said, "and let me go. What scoundrels are these pawnbrokers!" ejaculated he, as he passed out of the accursed shop, "seeking every pretext to rob the poor man out of his hard-won gain."

When he had marched forwards for a street or two, Gambouge counted the money which he had received, and found that he was in possession of no less than a hundred francs. It was night, as he reckoned out his equivocal gains; and he counted them at the light of a lamp. He looked up at the lamp, in doubt as to the course he should next pursue: upon it was inscribed the simple number, 152. "A gambling-house," thought Gambouge. "I WISH I had half the money that is now on the table up stairs."

He mounted, as many a rogue has done before him, and found half a hundred persons busy at the table of *rouge et noir*. Gambouge's five napoleons looked insignificant by the side of the heaps which were around him; but the effects of the wine, the thief, and of the detection by the pawnbroker, were upon him, and he threw down his capital stoutly upon the o o.

It is a dangerous spot that o o, or double zero;

but to Simon it was more lucky than to the rest of the world. The ball went spinning round, — in "its predestined circle rolled," as Shelley has it, after Goethe, — and plumped down at last in the double zero. One hundred and thirty-five gold napoleons (louis they were then) were counted out to the delighted painter. "O Diabolus!" cried he, "now it is that I begin to believe in thee! Don't talk about merit," he cried: "talk about fortune. Tell me not about heroes for the future: tell me of *zeroes*." And down went twenty napoleons more upon the 0.

The Devil was certainly in the ball: round it twirled, and dropped into zero as naturally as a duck pops its head into a pond. Our friend received five hundred pounds for his stake; and the croupiers and lookers-on began to stare at him.

There were twelve thousand pounds on the table. Suffice it to say that Simon won half, and retired from the Palais Royal with a thick bundle of bank-notes crammed into his dirty three-cornered hat. He had been but half an hour in the place, and he had won the revenues of a prince for half a year.

Gambouge, as soon as he felt that he was a capitalist, and that he had a stake in the country, discov-

ered that he was an altered man. He repented of his foul deed, and his base purloining of the *restaurateur's* plate. "Oh, honesty!" he cried, "how unworthy is an action like this of a man who has a property like mine!" So he went back to the pawnbroker with the gloomiest face imaginable. "My friend," said he, "I have sinned against all that I hold most sacred: I have forgotten my family and my religion. Here is thy money. In the name of Heaven, restore me the plate which I have wrongfully sold thee."

But the pawnbroker grinned, and said, "Nay, Mr. Gambouge, I will sell that plate for a thousand francs to you, or I will never sell it at all."

"Well," cried Gambouge, "thou art an inexorable ruffian, Troisboules; but I will give thee all I am worth." And here he produced a billet of five hundred francs. "Look," said he, "this money is all I own: it is the payment of two years' lodging. To raise it, I have toiled for many months; and, failing, I have been a criminal. O Heaven! I *stole* that plate, that I might pay my debt, and keep my dear wife from wandering houseless. But I cannot bear this load of ignominy: I will go to the person to whom I did wrong. I will starve; I will confess: but I will, I *will* do right!"

The broker was alarmed. "Give me my note!" he cried: "here is the plate."

"Give me an acquittal first," cried Simon, almost broken-hearted. "Sign me a paper, and the money is yours." So Troisboules wrote, according to Gambouge's dictation, "Received, for thirteeen ounces of plate, twenty pounds."

"Monster of iniquity!" cried the painter, "fiend of wickedness! thou art caught in thine own snares. Hast thou not sold me five pounds' worth of plate for twenty? Have I it not in my pocket? Art thou not a convicted dealer in stolen goods? Yield, scoundrel, yield thy money, or I will bring thee to justice!"

The frightened pawnbroker bullied and battled for a while; but he gave up his money at last, and the dispute ended. Thus it will be seen that Diabolus had rather a hard bargain in the wily Gambouge. He had taken a victim prisoner; but he had assuredly caught a Tartar. Simon now returned home, and, to do him justice, paid the bill for his dinner, and restored the plate.

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And now I may add (and the reader should ponder upon this as a profound picture of human life), that

Gambouge, since he had grown rich, grew likewise abundantly moral. He was a most exemplary father. He fed the poor, and was loved by them. He scorned a base action. And I have no doubt that Mr. Thurtell, or the late lamented Mr. Greenacre, in similar circumstances, would have acted like the worthy Simon Gambouge.

There was but one blot upon his character, — he hated Mrs. Gambouge worse than ever. As he grew more benevolent, she grew more virulent: when he went to plays, she went to Bible societies, and *vice versâ:* in fact, she led him such a life as Xantippe led Socrates, or as a dog leads a cat in the same kitchen. With all his fortune, — for, as may be supposed, Simon prospered in all worldly things, — he was the most miserable dog in the whole city of Paris. Only in the point of drinking did he and Mrs. Simon agree; and for many years, and during a considerable number of hours in each day, he thus dissipated partially his domestic chagrin. O philosophy! we may talk of thee; but except at the bottom of the wine-cup, where thou liest like truth in a well, where shall we find thee?

He lived so long, and in his worldly matters prospered so much, there was so little sign of devilment

in the accomplishment of his wishes, and the increase of his prosperity, that Simon, at the end of six years, began to doubt whether he had made any such bargain at all as that which we have described at the commencement of this history. He had grown, as we said, very pious and moral. He went regularly to mass, and had a confessor into the bargain. He resolved, therefore, to consult that reverend gentleman, and to lay before him the whole matter.

"I am inclined to think, holy sir," said Gambouge, after he had concluded his history, and shown how, in some miraculous way, all his desires were accomplished, "that, after all, this demon was no other than the creation of my own brain, heated by the effects of that bottle of wine, the cause of my crime and my prosperity."

The confessor agreed with him; and they walked out of church comfortably together, and entered afterwards a *café*, where they sat down to refresh themselves after the fatigues of their devotion.

A respectable old gentleman, with a number of orders at his button-hole, presently entered the room, and sauntered up to the marble table, before which reposed Simon and his clerical friend. "Ex-

cuse me, gentlemen," he said, as he took a place opposite them, and began reading the papers of the day.

"Bah!" said he at last: "sont-ils grands ces journaux Anglais? Look, sir!" he said, handing over an immense sheet of "The Times" to Mr. Gambouge, "was ever any thing so monstrous?"

Gambouge smiled politely, and examined the proffered page. "It is enormous," he said; "but I do not read English."

"Nay," said the man with the orders, "look closer at it, Signor Gambouge: it is astonishing how easy the language is."

Wondering, Simon took the sheet of paper. He turned pale as he looked at it, and began to curse the ices and the waiter. "Come, M. l'Abbé," he said: "the heat and glare of this place are intolerable."

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The stranger rose with them. "Au plaisir de vous revoir, mon cher monsieur," said he. "I do not mind speaking before the abbé here, who will be my very good friend one of these days; but I thought it necessary to refresh your memory concerning our little business-transaction six years

since, and could not exactly talk of it *at church*, as you may fancy."

Simon Gambouge had seen, in the double-sheeted "Times," the paper signed by himself, which the little Devil had pulled out of his fob.

There was no doubt on the subject; and Simon, who had but a year to live, grew more pious and more careful than ever. He had consultations with all the doctors of the Sorbonne, and all the lawyers of the Palais. But his magnificence grew as wearisome to him as his poverty had been before; and not one of the doctors whom he consulted could give him a pennyworth of consolation.

Then he grew outrageous in his demands upon the Devil, and put him to all sorts of absurd and ridiculous tasks; but they were all punctually performed, until Simon could invent no new ones, and the Devil sat all day with his hands in his pockets, doing nothing.

One day Simon's confessor came bounding into the room with the greatest glee. "My friend," says he, "I have it! Eureka! — I have found it. Send the pope a hundred thousand crowns, build a new Jesuit college at Rome, give a hundred gold candlesticks to St. Peters, and tell his Holiness you will double all, if he will give you absolution."

Gambouge caught at the notion, and hurried off a courier to Rome, *ventre à terre*. His Holiness agreed to the request of the petition, and sent him an absolution, written out with his own fist, and all in due form.

"Now," said he, "foul fiend, I defy you! Arise, Diabolus! your contract is not worth a jot. The pope has absolved me, and I am safe on the road to salvation." In a fervor of gratitude he clasped the hand of his confessor, and embraced him. Tears of joy ran down the cheeks of these good men.

They heard an inordinate roar of laughter; and there was Diabolus, sitting opposite to them, holding his sides, and lashing his tail about, as if he would have gone mad with glee.

"Why," said he, "what nonsense is this! do you suppose I care about *that?*" and he tossed the pope's missive into a corner. "M. l'Abbé knows," he said, bowing and grinning, "that, though the pope's paper may pass current *here*, it is not worth twopence in our country. What do I care about the pope's absolution? You might just as well be absolved by your under-butler."

"Egad!" said the abbé, "the rogue is right: I quite forgot the fact, which he points out clearly enough."

"No, no, Gambouge," continued Diabolus, with horrid familiarity, "go thy ways, old fellow: that *cock won't fight.*" And he retired up the chimney, chuckling at his wit and his triumph. Gambouge heard his tail scuttling all the way up, as if he had been a sweeper by profession.

Simon was left in that condition of grief in which, according to the newspapers, cities and nations are found when a murder is committed, or a lord ill of the gout, — a situation, we say, more easy to imagine than to describe.

To add to his woes, Mrs. Gambouge, who was now first made acquainted with his compact, and its probable consequences, raised such a storm about his ears, as made him wish almost that his seven years were expired. She screamed, she scolded, she swore, she wept, she went into such fits of hysterics, that poor Gambouge, who had completely knocked under to her, was worn out of his life. He was allowed no rest, night or day: he moped about his fine house, solitary and wretched, and cursed his stars that he ever had married the butcher's daughter.

It wanted six months of the time.

A sudden and desperate resolution seemed all at

once to have taken possession of Simon Gambouge. He called his family and his friends together; he gave one of the greatest feasts that ever was known in the city of Paris; he gayly presided at one end of his table, while Mrs. Gambouge, splendidly arrayed, gave herself airs at the other extremity.

After dinner, using the customary formula, he called upon Diabolus to appear. The old ladies screamed, and hoped he would not appear naked; the young ones tittered, and longed to see the monster; everybody was pale with expectation and affright.

A very quiet, gentlemanly man, neatly dressed in black, made his appearance, to the surprise of all present, and bowed all round to the company. "I will not show my *credentials*," he said, blushing, and pointing to his hoofs, which were cleverly hidden by his pumps and shoe-buckles, "unless the ladies absolutely wish it; but I am the person you want, Mr. Gambouge, pray tell me what is your will."

"You know," said that gentleman, in a stately and determined voice, "that you are bound to me, according to our agreement, for six months to come."

"I am," replied the new-comer.

"You are to do all that I ask, whatsoever it may be, or you forfeit the bond which I gave you?"

"It is true."

"You declare this before the present company?"

"Upon my honor as a gentleman," said Diabolus, bowing, and laying his hand upon his waistcoat.

A whisper of applause ran round the room. All were charmed with the bland manners of the fascinating stranger.

"My love," continued Gambouge, mildly addressing his lady, "will you be so polite as to step this way? You know I must go soon; and I am anxious, before this noble company, to make a provision for one who, in sickness as in health, in poverty as in riches, has been my truest and fondest companion."

Gambouge mopped his eyes with his handkerchief: all the company did likewise. Diabolus sobbed audibly; and Mrs. Gambouge sidled up to her husband's side, and took him tenderly by the hand. "Simon," said she, "is it true? And do you really love your Griskinissa?"

Simon continued solemnly, "Come hither, Diabolus: you are bound to obey me in all things for the six months during which our contract has to run; take, then, Griskinissa Gambouge, live alone with

her for half a year, never leave her from morning till night, obey all her caprices, follow all her whims, and listen to all the abuse which falls from her infernal tongue. Do this, and I ask no more of you: I will deliver myself up at the appointed time."

Not Lord G—— when flogged by Lord B—— in the House, — not Mr. Cartlitch of Astley's Amphitheatre in his most pathetic passages, could look more crestfallen, and howl more hideously, than Diabolus did now. "Take another year, Gambouge," screamed he; "two more — ten more — a century; roast me on Lawrence's gridiron, boil me in holy water: but don't ask that. Don't, don't ask me to live with Mrs. Gambouge!"

Simon smiled sternly. "I have said it," he cried: "do this, or our contract is at an end."

The Devil, at this, grinned so horribly, that every drop of beer in the house turned sour; he gnashed his teeth so frightfully, that every person in the company well-nigh fainted with the colic. He slapped down the great parchment upon the floor, trampled upon it madly, and lashed it with his hoofs and his tail; at last, spreading out a mighty pair of wings as wide as from here to Regent Street, he slapped

Gambouge with his tail over one eye, and vanished abruptly through the keyhole.

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Gambouge screamed with pain, and started up. "You drunken, lazy scoundrel!" cried a shrill and well-known voice, "you have been asleep these two hours;" and here he received another terrific box on the ear.

It was too true, he had fallen asleep at his work; and the beautiful vision had been dispelled by the thumps of the tipsy Griskinissa. Nothing remained to corroborate his story, except the bladder of lake, and this was spurted all over his waistcoat and breeches.

"I wish," said the poor fellow, rubbing his tingling cheeks, "that dreams were true;" and he went to work again at his portrait.

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My last accounts of Gambouge are, that he has left the arts, and is footman in a small family. Mrs. Gambouge takes in washing; and it is said that her continual dealings with soap-suds and hot water have been the only things in life which have kept her from spontaneous combustion.

THE LADY ROHESIA.

BY RICHARD H. BARHAM.

THE Lady Rohesia lay on her death-bed. So said the doctor; and doctors are generally allowed to be judges in these matters; besides, Dr. Butts was the court physician: he carried a crutch-handled staff, with its cross of the blackest ebony, — *raison de plus.*

"Is there no hope, doctor?" said Beatrice Grey.

"Is there no hope?" said Everard Ingoldsby.

"Is there no hope?" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri. He was the Lady Rohesia's husband: he spoke the last.

The doctor shook his head. He looked at the disconsolate widower *in posse*, then at the hour-glass: its waning sand seemed sadly to shadow forth the sinking pulse of his patient. Dr. Butts was a very learned man. "*Ars longa, vita brevis!*" said Dr. Butts.

"I am very sorry to hear it," quoth Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

Sir Guy was a brave knight, and a tall; but he was no scholar.

"Alas, my poor sister!" sighed Ingoldsby.

"Alas, my poor mistress!" sobbed Beatrice.

Sir Guy neither sighed nor sobbed: his grief was too deep-seated for outward manifestation.

"And how long, doctor" — The afflicted husband could not finish the sentence.

Dr. Butts withdrew his hand from the wrist of the dying lady. He pointed to the horologe: scarcely a quarter of its sand remained in the upper moiety. Again he shook his head. The eye of the patient waxed dimmer, the rattling in the throat increased.

"What's become of Father Francis?" whimpered Beatrice.

"The last consolations of the church" — suggested Everard.

A darker shade came over the brow of Sir Guy.

"Where *is* the confessor?" continued his grieving brother-in-law.

"In the pantry," cried Marion Hacket pertly, as she tripped down stairs in search of that venerable ecclesiastic, — "in the pantry, I warrant me." The

bower-woman was not wont to be in the wrong: in the pantry was the holy man discovered — at his devotions.

"*Pax vobiscum!*" said Father Francis, as he entered the chamber of death.

"*Vita brevis!*" retorted Dr. Butts. He was not a man to be browbeat out of his Latin, and by a paltry Friar Minim, too. Had it been a bishop indeed, or even a mitred abbot, — but a miserable Franciscan!

"*Benedicite!*" said the friar.

"*Ars longa!*" returned the leech.

Dr. Butts adjusted the tassels of his falling band, drew his short sad-colored cloak closer around him, and, grasping his cross-handled walking-staff, stalked majestically out of the apartment. Father Francis had the field to himself.

The worthy chaplain hastened to administer the last rites of the church. To all appearance he had little time to lose. As he concluded, the dismal toll of the passing-bell sounded from the belfry-tower: little Hubert, the bandy-legged sacristan, was pulling with all his might. It was a capital contrivance that same passing-bell, — which of the Urbans or Innocents invented it is a query; but,

whoever he was, he deserved well of his country and of Christendom.

Ah! our ancestors were not such fools, after all, as we, their degenerate children, conceit them to have been. The passing-bell, a most solemn warning to imps of every description, is not to be regarded with impunity: the most impudent *Succubus* of them all dare as well dip his claws in holy water as come within the verge of its sound. Old Nick himself, if he sets any value at all upon his tail, had best convey himself clean out of hearing, and leave the way open to paradise. Little Hubert continued pulling with all his might; and St. Peter began to look out for a customer.

The knell seemed to have some effect even upon the Lady Rohesia: she raised her head slightly; inarticulate sounds issued from her lips, — inarticulate, that is, to the profane ears of the laity. Those of Father Francis, indeed, were sharper: nothing, as he averred, could be more distinct than the words, "A thousand marks to the priory of St. Mary Rouncival."

Now, the Lady Rohesia Ingoldsby had brought her husband broad lands and large possessions: much of her ample dowry, too, was at her own disposal;

and nuncupative wills had not yet been abolished by act of parliament.

"Pious soul!" ejaculated Father Francis. "A thousand marks, she said" —

"If she did, I'll be shot!" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

"A thousand marks," continued the confessor, fixing his cold gray eye upon the knight, as he went on, heedless of the interruption, — "a thousand marks; and as many *aves* and *paters* shall be duly said — as soon as the money is paid down."

Sir Guy shrank from the monk's gaze: he turned to the window, and muttered to himself something that sounded like, "Don't you wish you may get it?"

The bell continued to toll. Father Francis had quitted the room, taking with him the remains of the holy oil he had been using for extreme unction. Everard Ingoldsby waited on him down stairs.

"A thousand thanks!" said the latter.

"A thousand marks!" said the friar.

"A thousand devils!" growled Sir Guy de Montgomeri from the top of the landing-place.

But his accents fell unheeded : his brother-in-law and the friar were gone ; he was left alone with his departing lady and Beatrice Grey.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood pensively at the foot of the bed ; his arms were crossed upon his bosom ; his chin was sunk upon his breast ; his eyes were filled with tears ; the dim rays of the fading watchlight gave a darker shade to the furrows on his brow, and a brighter tint to the little bald patch on the top of his head, — for Sir Guy was a middle-aged gentleman, tall and portly withal, with a slight bend in his shoulders, but that not much ; his complexion was somewhat florid, — especially about the nose ; but his lady was *in extremis*, and at this particular moment he was paler than usual.

"Bim! bome!" went the bell. The knight groaned audibly ; Beatrice Grey wiped her eye with her little square apron of lace de Malines ; there was a moment's pause, — a moment of intense affliction ; she let it fall, — all but one corner, which remained between her finger and thumb. She looked at Sir Guy, drew the thumb and forefinger of her other hand slowly along its border, till they reached the opposite extremity. She sobbed aloud. "So kind a lady!" said Beatrice Grey. "So excel-

lent a wife!" responded Sir Guy. "So good!" said the damsel. "So dear!" said the knight. "So pious!" said she. "So humble!" said he. "So good to the poor!"—"So capital a manager!"—"So punctual at matins!"—"Dinner dished to moment!"—"So devout!" said Beatrice. "So fond of me!" said Sir Guy. "And of Father Francis!"—"What the devil do you mean by that?" said Sir Guy Montgomeri.

The knight and the maiden had wrung their antiphonic changes on the fine qualities of the departing lady, like the *strophe* and *antistrophe* of a Greek play. The cardinal virtues once disposed of, her minor excellences came under review. She would drown a witch, drink lamb's wool at Christmas, beg Dominie Dumps's boys a holiday, and dine upon sprats on Good Friday. A low moan from the subject of these eulogies seemed to intimate that the enumeration of her good deeds was not altogether lost on her, that the parting spirit felt and rejoiced in the testimony.

"She was too good for earth," continued Sir Guy.

"Ye-ye-yes!" sobbed Beatrice.

"I did not deserve her!" said the knight.

"No-o-o-o!" cried the damsel.

"Not but that I made her an excellent husband, and a kind; but she is going, and — and — where or when or how — shall I get such another?"

"Not in broad England, not in the whole wide world!" responded Beatrice Grey; "that is, not *just* such another." Her voice still faltered; but her accents, on the whole, were more articulate. She dropped the corner of her apron, and had recourse to her handkerchief; in fact, her eyes were getting red — and so was the tip of her nose.

Sir Guy was silent: he gazed for a few moments steadfastly on the face of his lady. The single word, "Another!" fell from his lips like a distant echo: it is not often that the viewless nymph repeats more than is necessary.

"Bim! bome!" went the bell. Bandy-legged Hubert had been tolling for half an hour: he began to grow tired, and St. Peter fidgety.

"Beatrice Grey!" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri, "what's to be done? What's to become of Montgomeri Hall? — and the buttery — and the servants? And what — what's to become of *me*, Beatrice Grey?" There was pathos in his tones, and a solemn pause succeeded. "I'll turn monk myself!" said Sir Guy.

"Monk?" said Beatrice.

"I'll be a Carthusian!" repeated the knight, but in a tone less assured: he relapsed into a revery. Shave his head!—he did not so much mind that, he was getting rather bald already; but beans for dinner, and those without butter—and then a horse-hair shirt!

The knight seemed undecided: his eye roamed gloomily around the apartment: it paused upon different objects, but as if it saw them not. Its sense was shut, and there was no speculation in its glance: it rested at last upon the fair face of the sympathizing damsel at his side, beautiful in her grief.

Her tears had ceased; but her eyes were cast down, mournfully fixed upon her delicate little foot, which was beating the devil's tattoo.

There is no talking to a female when she does not look at you. Sir Guy turned round; he seated himself on the edge of the bed, and, placing his hand beneath the chin of the lady, turned up her face in an angle of fifteen degrees.

"I don't think I shall take the vows, Beatrice; but what's to become of me? Poor, miserable, old —that is, poor, miserable, middle-aged man that I

am! No one to comfort, no one to care for me." Beatrice's tears flowed afresh; but she opened not her lips. "'Pon my life!" continued he, "I don't believe there is a creature now would care a button if I were hanged to-morrow!"

"Oh, don't say so, Sir Guy!" sighed Beatrice. "You know there's — there's Master Everard and — and Father Francis" —

"Pish!" cried Sir Guy testily.

"And — there's your favorite old bitch."

"I am not thinking of old bitches," quoth Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

Another pause ensued. The knight had released her chin, and taken her hand: it was a pretty little hand; with long taper fingers and filbert-formed nails; and the softness of the palm said little for its owner's industry.

"Sit down, my dear Beatrice," said the knight thoughtfully: "you must be fatigued with your long watching. Take a seat, my child." Sir Guy did not relinquish her hand; but he sidled along the counterpane, and made room for his companion between himself and the bed-post.

Now, this is a very awkward position for two people to be placed in, especially when the right hand

of the one holds the right hand of the other: in such an attitude, what the deuse can the gentleman do with his left? Sir Guy closed his till it became an absolute fist, and his knuckles rested on the bed a little in the rear of his companion.

"Another," repeated Sir Guy, musing, — "if, indeed, I could find such another." He was talking to his thought; but Beatrice Grey answered him.

"There's Madam Fitzfoozle."

"A frump!" said Sir Guy.

"Or the Lady Bumbarton."

"With her hump!" muttered he.

"There's the dowager" —

"Stop, stop!" said the knight, "stop one moment." He paused: he was all on the tremble. Something seemed rising in his throat; but he gave a great gulp, and swallowed it. "Beatrice," said he, "what think you of" (his voice sank into a most seductive softness), — "what think you of — Beatrice Grey?"

The murder was out: the knight felt infinitely relieved. The knuckles of his left hand unclosed spontaneously; and the arm he had felt such a difficulty in disposing of found itself, nobody knows how, all at once encircling the jimp waist of the

pretty Beatrice. The young lady's reply was expressed in three syllables. They were, "Oh, Sir Guy!" The words might be somewhat indefinite; but there was no mistaking the look. Their eyes met. Sir Guy's left arm contracted itself spasmodically: when the eyes meet (at least, as theirs met), the lips are very apt to follow the example. The knight had taken one long, loving kiss, nectar and ambrosia. He thought on Dr. Butts and his *repetatur haustus* (a prescription Father Francis had taken infinite pains to translate for him); he was about to repeat it; but the dose was interrupted *in transitu*. Doubtless the adage, —

> "There's many a slip
> 'Twixt the cup and the lip,"

hath reference to medicine. Sir Guy's lip was again all but in conjunction with that of his bride elect.

It has been hinted already that there was a little round polished patch on the summit of the knight's *pericranium*, from which his locks had gradually receded; a sort of *oasis*, or rather a *Mont Blanc* in miniature, rising above the highest point of vegetation. It was on this little spot, undefended alike by art and nature, that, at this interesting moment, a

blow descended, such as we must borrow a term from the Sister Island adequately to describe: it was a "Whack!"

Sir Guy started upon his feet. Beatrice Grey started upon hers; but a single glance to the rear reversed her position: she fell upon her knees, and screamed.

The knight, too, wheeled about, and beheld a sight which might have turned a bolder man to stone. It was she — the all-but-defunct Rohesia! There she sat, bolt upright; her eyes no longer glazed with the film of impending dissolution, but scintillating like flint and steel, while in her hand she grasped the bed-staff, — a weapon of mickle might, as her husband's bloody coxcomb could now well testify. Words were yet wanting; for the quinsy, which her rage had broken, still impeded her utterance; but the strength and rapidity of her guttural intonations augured well for her future eloquence.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood for a while like a man distraught. This resurrection (for such it seemed) had quite overpowered him. "A husband ofttimes makes the best physician," says the proverb. He was a living personification of its truth. Still it

was whispered he had been content with Dr. Butts; but his lady was restored to bless him for many years. Heavens, what a life he led!

The Lady Rohesia mended apace; her quinsy was cured; the bell was stopped, and little Hubert, the sacristan, kicked out of the chapelry. St. Peter opened his wicket, and looked out. There was nobody there: so he flung to the gate in a passion, and went back to his lodge, grumbling at being hoaxed by a runaway ring.

Years rolled on. The improvement of Lady Rohesia's temper did not keep pace with that of her health; and one fine morning Sir Guy de Montgomeri was seen to enter the *porte-cochère* of Durham House, at that time the town residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. Nothing more was ever heard of him; but a boat full of adventurers was known to have dropped down with the tide that evening to Deptford Hope, where lay the good ship "The Darling," commanded by Capt. Keymis, who sailed next morning on the Virginia voyage.

A brass plate, some eighteen inches long, may yet be seen in Denton chancel, let into a broad slab of Bethersden marble: it represents a lady kneeling in her wimple and hood; her hands are clasped

in prayer; and beneath is an inscription in the characters of the age, —

"Praie for ye sowle of ye Lady Royse,
And for alle Christen sowles!"

The date is illegible; but it appears that she survived King Henry the Eighth, and that the dissolution of monasteries had lost St. Mary Rouncival her thousand marks. As for Beatrice Grey, it is well known that she was alive in 1559, and then had virginity enough left to be a maid of honor to "good Queen Bess."